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When will the war end?
by Pierre van Paassen

IN SIX YEARS...

**With victory for Britain,
says noted writer**

No one in the whole wide world, of course, can definitely say he knows when the war will end, not even Hitler or Churchill.

Yet I believe that a sufficient number of incontrovertible facts is known to all of us to enable us to draw some logical conclusions.

LET us consider the three possibilities. A decisive victory by Germany; a decisive victory by England and her allies; or a stalemate.

Can Hitler score a decisive victory?

To achieve it he would have to subdue Russia, successfully invade the British Isles, prevent the British Government and fleet from continuing the war from the dominions, colonies, and mandated territories, and finally force the surrender of the U.S.

But the mere defeat of Russia will not suffice him. He must annihilate the Soviets and completely remove them as a military threat.

It will not be enough for him to smash England. He must virtually gag every Englishman, occupy

Canada and Australia, dismantle their war industries and destroy every single British naval and aerial base on the oceans.

Hitler cannot claim victory until he has obtained full industrial control over the United States, in order to prevent the building up of an American war-machine that might challenge his domination. He can have no hope for peace on his terms until he has rendered impotent all the anti-Nazi forces in both hemispheres.

The carrying out of so gigantic a programme, executed by a series of blitz moves such as his successive assaults on the European countries and Russia, lies within the realm of possibility.

But it would demand a minimum of three years, devoted not so much to the actual fighting as to the organisation of each campaign and the

subsequent consolidation of conquered territories.
Can England and her allies win a decisive military victory?
Her task is both simpler and more difficult than that of Germany.

It is simpler because Britain does not have to conquer and hold new continents. All she needs to do is to defeat Hitler.

It is more difficult because England will need a great offensive war-machine. Still, there is an articulate British military leadership that firmly believes in the feasibility of a British invasion of France and a subsequent march into Germany.

To achieve this, an air-borne mechanised army would have to be built and organised. Gliders and parachutes would drop men, while special planes (already under construction) would land fully manned light and heavy tanks at strategic points behind the German lines in France.

Protected by a ceiling of thousands of bombing and fighting planes, the mechanised British unit would drive the Germans back.

But even the most optimistic English leaders admit that the execution of this strategy would require from two to three years of preparation.

Is a stalemate possible?
England, backed by the resources of the United States, can prevent a decisive German victory almost ad infinitum.

On the other hand, Hitler, if he succeeds in organising the vast resources of a defeated Russia, could defy Great Britain's economic blockade for an unlimited period.

England, aided by American production, would replace the shipping lost through Nazi submarines, while a huge air-fleet would gradually bring her impregnability.

Germany, again, would at all times be able to replenish her war equipment sufficiently to carry on a defensive campaign. From a coldly military viewpoint, therefore, a stalemate stretching over the next four years is by no means impossible.

What does our balance-sheet show?

It appears that a German-administered knock-out blow in about three years is still possible. But we find also that a decisive British victory within almost the same period cannot be ruled out, and that

a third possibility, of a stalemate lasting four years, definitely remains within the realm of reality.

All this, strangely enough, but quite logically, adds up to a Hitler collapse in about six years from now.

Here are the reasons:

(1) Hitler, in order to win, must conquer the United States as well as the rest of the world. I do not think he can do this as long as President Roosevelt's policy and defence programme prevail. That means he is stopped for the next three years.

(2) While Hitler has been winning one blitz battle after another, he has been unable to defeat England. Not only has he been prevented from occupying one inch of British territory, but England has expanded her holdings.

(3) After two years of war, England has, despite the collapse of France, immeasurably improved her position by her virtual alliance with America and Russia.

(4) Hitler had promised the German people victory in 1940. Now they have been assured that peace will be theirs in 1941.

Instead of peace, however, the German people will, during the next few years, have to bear the burden of continually more intensive war. Psychologically, they are at a disadvantage.

(5) The American production of war materials for Britain is daily narrowing down the air superiority of the Germans over the British. By 1943 Britain should enjoy a marked superiority in the air.

(6) Hitler had hoped to rally all Europe against England. When he failed, he tried to achieve a Nazi unification of Europe through a "holy crusade" against the Bolsheviks. Now that this also has come to naught, he faces the problem of a Europe chafing under his Gestapo yoke.

(7) A three or four years' stalemate would be the prelude to a steady, even if slow, cracking of the German morale, because, after five years of victorious battles, peace would not yet be in sight. Germany would then begin to experience an increasing shortage of manpower, oil, food, and faith.

After two years of blitzkrieg, Germany's position shapes up as follows:

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Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



ADMIRAL P. E. McNEIL
... Building ships here

DESIGNER of naval vessels being built here as part of our war effort is an Australian, Engineer Rear-Admiral P. E. McNeil, of Melbourne. He entered the R.A.N. in 1911. Is now Third Member of Naval Board, Chief of Construction, Director of Engineering (Naval).

Was Engineer-Commander in H.M.A.S. Australia; Engineer Manager, Garden Island Dockyard, Sydney; Technical Adviser to Naval Representative, Australia House, London.



MISS M. URQUHART
... Rehabilitation

DIRECTOR of the recently-established Red Cross Rehabilitation Scheme is Miss Marion Urquhart. Rehabilitation of soldiers will be one of the society's principal post-war tasks.

"Already we are at work, teaching occupational handicrafts to the sick and wounded," says Miss Urquhart, who was formerly chief executive officer of the Victorian Society for Crippled Children.



MR. L. MOYSE
... Social science

AMERICAN honor for Mr. Laurence Moyse, of South Australia. He has been elected to the Pi Gamma Mu National Social Science Honor Society of America for distinguished work in the study of social science. The society is a nation-wide organisation, inculcating highest ideals in dealing with present-day problems.

Travelling under a Y.M.C.A. grant Mr. Moyse left Adelaide three years ago to study in U.S.A.

FEET BECOMING TROUBLESOME?

Then Rub Them With

Zam-Buk

EVERYONE knows the suffering that can be caused by tired, aching feet. In warm weather, particularly, you can't expect your feet to feel comfortable and fit all day unless they have proper care—the care that Zam-Buk can give them.

The treatment is so very simple—yet it guarantees for you

Lasting Comfort

All you have to do is bathe your feet thoroughly and, after drying, massage Zam-Buk Ointment into the soles, round the ankles, and between the toes. Pain, swelling and tenderness are relieved; blisters, soreness and chafing healed, and corns removed—root and all.

If you use Zam-Buk regularly each night you'll be certain of healthy, comfortable feet all Summer.

1/7 & 3/8 a box.

Use ZAM-BUK Regularly



"I had to wear slippers as my feet and ankles were so sore and painful. Sometimes I couldn't even walk. Besides proving very soothing, Zam-Buk ended my foot troubles. I now get about in comfort again."—Mrs. C. Lane.



THE CAPTAIN'S CONFUSION

Noting Captain Schloss in a state of collapse, and two amazons standing watch over him, Seaman Wiener realised that a grave situation existed.

Delightful burlesque of an invading party which struck more than it bargained for.

By Joseph Marshall

IN blaming Captain Schloss for the failure of the Little Horse venture, the High Command is doing a fine officer a grave injustice.

It is clear that the primary error was simply that the High Command had chosen the wrong island. The High Command's information—scarcely six months old—was that Little Horse Cay was uninhabited and unrequented, except by occasional native fishermen.

These, of course, offered no danger, as, even presuming that they should happen to stumble on Captain Schloss' party, they could be suppressed or liquidated without causing any alarm, as it would be presumed by their relatives and friends, if any, that they had been lost in a storm.

Moreover, according to the same information, Little Horse Cay possessed a hillock screened by a grove of trees, thus offering excellent masking for the camp and equipment, particularly the aerials. Also, the island was midway between Nassau and Florida, hence within easy range of the low-powered transmitters of agents in both places.

What the High Command overlooked was the fact that in these days much can happen in six months.

At any rate, in accordance with orders, Captain Schloss and his party, which consisted of Seaman Wiener, Seaman Munze and Wireless Technician Bruhl, were landed from the submarine on the eastern point of the island during the dark hours just preceding the dawn. With the aid of the crew of the submarine, the equipment was carried to a small grove of trees some 100 yards inland and stacked tempo-

arily. (Captain Schloss and his party were to move it later to the hillock). This done, the submarine left.

After its departure Captain Schloss and his party erected a tent and, having spent the whole night preparing and landing, turned in on hastily-set-up beds. No guard was placed. This is, it is true, a point against Captain Schloss. In his defence, however, it should be pointed out that the instructions from the High Command stated definitely that the island was uninhabited.

It was therefore a tremendous shock to Captain Schloss and his party to be awakened some hours later by a shout and, upon jumping to their feet, to see before the tent a troop of three horsemen looking down at them with profound curiosity.

Captain Schloss and his men gaped at the three horsemen. From left to right they consisted of, first, an elderly man with an amiable countenance, mounted on a black horse; second, a boy of roughly ten, obviously a chip off the old block (but not so amiable), mounted on a white pony; and, finally, a slight young man of possibly twenty-four, mounted very sloppily on a sorrel mare.

"Good morning," the eldest rider said, and the others nodded in agreement. "My name's Harvey, Jake Harvey. I'm the caretaker. You might call me the major-domo, sort of. In case you haven't noticed the signs—trouble is, I haven't had time to put them all up—I want to tell you that you're trespassing; that is,

unless you got permission from J.B. to be here, which I doubt, as I haven't heard from him about it.

"I called him up from Nassau yesterday and he didn't mention any visitors."

Captain Schloss had not had time yet to recover from the shock. He continued merely to gape.

"So," Jake Harvey went on, "I reckon I must ask you boys to move on somewhere else. I don't like to be mean, but them's my orders, and J.B. is pretty strict about it."

Captain Schloss perceived that the situation was one calling for action first and understanding later. He glanced meaningfully at his men, then jumped forward and seized the reins of the black horse. Seaman Munze, getting the idea, jumped and grabbed the reins of the sorrel. Unfortunately, Seaman Wiener and Technician Bruhl were slow in reacting. By the time they reached the pony it had backed away.

Seaman Wiener jumped after it. But the boy, perceiving the situation, kicked it into a run and galloped off with a cry of, "Away, Silver; away!"

"After him," Captain Schloss ordered.

Seaman Wiener broke into a run through the brush. Technician Bruhl, awakening finally, pulled the slight young man off the sorrel, mounted hastily, and set off in pursuit.

Unfortunately, the sorrel, surprised by this action, was slightly difficult to handle. Moreover, Bruhl had had no opportunity to become acquainted

with the terrain. He pointed the sorrel through the bushes in the general direction taken by the boy. The sorrel leaped through the brush and, instead of finding ground, stumbled into a depression. Bruhl, not by any means a cavalymen, went flying from the saddle and landed in a patch of cactus.

The sorrel ran off, abandoning him. Technician Bruhl, his Spartan training forgotten for the moment, howled, loudly and bitterly. He had had very little experience with cacti, and this particular variety, not satisfied with merely sticking him, seemed definitely to have a pincer technique.

"Bruhl, here!" Captain Schloss shouted. "Watch the prisoners. I will pursue."

Captain Schloss pulled Jake Harvey off the black horse, mounted skilfully, and set off after the boy. Profiting by Bruhl's experience, he went cautiously until he cleared the woods and came out on the beach. Then he set off at a gallop. The pony was not in sight. In a few hundred feet he came upon Seaman Wiener running bravely through the sand. "Follow me," Captain Schloss ordered.

THE pony must have been very fast. Although he had forced the black horse into a run—not much of a run, but still a run—Captain Schloss did not even glimpse the pony until he came in sight of the western tip of the cay, about two miles down. There was a collection of buildings there on a knoll overlooking a little bay. Projecting into the bay was a dock, and fastened to it was a motor-boat. The pony was standing before one of the buildings.

As the captain approached, he saw the boy run but, mount the pony, and run off again with the cry of, "Away, Silver; away!" Captain Schloss was about to follow when he noted two women who came out of the building, looked towards him and then ran inside.

Captain Schloss debated a moment, then rode up to the building, dismounted, and shouted, "You will please come out, please."

In a few moments an elderly woman came to the door. "What's all this foolishness going on here?" she demanded.

"I order you to come here," Captain Schloss ordered.

"I will do no such thing," the woman replied. "What do you want?"

Captain Schloss decided to act. He jumped to the door and seized the woman by the hand. He heard a gasp somewhere above him and turned upward. Nothing was in sight. He returned his attention to the struggling woman. Again he heard something above him. He looked up. A bucket of water was coming down from a window above.

He tried to duck out of the way. But too late. Unfortunately, the assailant not only dropped the water, but the bucket as well. The whole thing came bottom side down and caught him on the top of his head. Captain Schloss collapsed, unconscious.

In the meantime, Seaman Wiener had continued to follow valiantly, and some five minutes after the above occurrence he arrived within sight of the scene. Noting Captain Schloss in a state of collapse, and two amazons standing watch over him with a rolling pin and an iron, respectively, in hand, Seaman Wiener immediately realised that a grave situation existed and that caution and cunning were demanded.

He hid behind a convenient bush, considered the situation, and then carefully crawled round until he arrived at the back of the buildings. Then, rising, he ran softly to the one in front of which Captain Schloss was lying.

He speared from back to the front, then, gun in hand, leaped out and confronted the two women, crying, "Up hands other I fire!"

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The Captain's Confusion

Continued from page 3

THE two ladies dropped their weapons and lifted their hands. Seaman Wiener was now at a loss for further action. Fortunately, while he thought the situation over, Captain Schloss came back to consciousness.

"Excellent, Wiener," he commended. Then, rubbing his head, "I will guard them," he said. "You go through the house and see if there are more."

He pulled out his gun and examined his prisoners. The sight of the second woman was something of a shock. She was extremely good-looking. Too thin, of course. Like the English or the French. But definitely good-looking.

"What is this? Piracy?" she demanded, her eyes blazing at him. "I am very sorry," Captain Schloss said. "Just a misunderstanding. Yes, a misunderstanding in every respect."

"Then put away the firearms." "Not yet," Captain Schloss replied with great politeness and consideration. "I greatly regret this inconvenience," he went on. "Doubtless after a while it will all be straightened out."

"It had better be, mister," she replied. "There are laws against this sort of thing. And when Papa and Jerry hear of this they'll raise plenty of trouble."

At this point Seaman Wiener came out of the house, reporting that no other people were there.

"Good," Captain Schloss said. "Now, Wiener, you take that boat. Get it started. Take it opposite the camp. Anchor there. And guard it. Do not permit anyone to get it. Understand?"

Seaman Wiener saluted and marched down to the dock.

"Now, ladies," Captain Schloss said, "I regret it, but you will kindly walk ahead of me to the other end of the island."

He caught the reins of the black horse in his hand and led it with him. When they arrived at the camp the prisoners were still safely there. Seaman Munze had tied them up to convenient trees and was watching them vigilantly, pistol in hand.

The reunion of men and women was somewhat touching. Captain Schloss thought it better tactics to take no chances. He separated the women from the two men and ordered them into the tent. He set Seaman Munze to watch them.

He talked to the prisoners and suggested they call to the boy to give himself up. The prisoners hesitated.

"Don't you do it, Pa," the girl called out. "He can take care of himself."

They refused, therefore. Captain Schloss reflected. The situation as he saw it required reorientation. Therefore it was necessary to communicate with his superiors, acquaint them with the changed circumstances and ask for orders.

So he ordered Wireless Technician Bruhl to set up his wireless apparatus as soon as possible. It was a slow process, however.

The important as well as difficult part was the aerial. Bruhl said it must be suspended at a height of at least 33 feet. He scouted round until he found two trees in the clear, on the edge of the beach. Placing pole climbers on his legs, he mounted to the top of the tree to place a pulley by means of which the aerial proper might be hauled up.

Suddenly he stiffened convulsively. His arms lost their grip on the trunk. He began falling. Luckily, on the way his fall was broken by the limbs of the tree. Otherwise it is altogether likely he might have suffered a serious injury. As it was, he fell on the beach, writhing.

Captain Schloss jumped towards him, swearing large and long German oaths. He picked Bruhl up. "What is it, man?" he demanded.

Bruhl limped a step or two. "My ankle is turned, Captain."

Captain Schloss swore again. "But what happened up there?"

"An insect stung me. And such a sting!" He rubbed his thigh. Captain Schloss was angry now. "Technician Bruhl," he said, "I want to remind you that you are a soldier."

Technician Bruhl straightened up. He saluted. "I am sorry, Captain Schloss. It was so unexpected."

He proceeded to limp towards the tree again. Captain Schloss frowned. It was obvious that with the turned ankle Technician Bruhl would not be of much use climbing the tree. "Give me those climbers," he ordered.

He strapped them on, then climbed

up to the top of the tree himself. He had no sooner achieved the top of it than he suffered a great shock. Something stung him violently in the fleshy part just behind the thigh. He steeled himself with commendable Spartanism, and went on with the task of snapping the safety belt round the tree.

Again something stung him, this time in the small of his back. He gritted his teeth. If he had not been steeled by years of discipline he himself might easily have let go his hold under the shock. Again the insect struck. This time in the calf.

Captain Schloss could not help gasping a little. It was not that the pain was so intense. It was that it struck so sharply. However, Captain Schloss was made of solid stuff. Although bitten twice more, he managed to finish the process of attaching the pulley and threading the rope through it. Then, gingerly, he descended the tree.

It was not until he had finished pulling the end of the aerial up that he stopped to examine his wounds. Rubbing the sore spots, his fingers found something. Doubtless the insect was capable of such savagery, he grasped it quickly.

The sight of the thing lying in the palm of his hand shocked him to the core. Almost, but not quite, he lost possession of the dignity befitting an officer. That thing was a dart, precisely the kind of dart one fired out of a compressed-air rifle.

"That boy!" he ejaculated, and followed with a string of colorful but untranslatable Germanic adjectives.

Recovering his self-possession, he scanned the neighborhood. But there was no sight of the boy. Ah, well, duty first. The boy could come later. He went about the job of completing the installation of the aerial, which went off without further incident.

Bruhl then began the process of unreeing the lead-in towards the camp. At this moment a considerable racket became audible from the camp, and shortly the captain heard the voice of Seaman Munze calling him. He pulled out his gun and ran for the camp.

However, arriving there, he saw the prisoners still safe—the men tied to the trees, the women in the tent.

But Seaman Munze pointed to one of the crates. There was an arrow, its shaft still quivering, stuck to it. Captain Schloss pulled it out, somewhat gingerly. It was, he observed, without a point. Instead, there was a rubber suction cup on the end. Wrapped round the shaft was a piece of paper. Captain Schloss frowned.

The message, awkwardly printed, read:

"Give up. Or Tonto and Me kill you off one by one. The Lone Ranger."

Captain Schloss considered the message. The Lone Ranger, obviously, would be the boy. Some sort of cowboy play-talk. But this Tonto? He turned to the prisoners. "Who is Tonto?"

The eyes of the men gleamed at him with secret laughter.

Finally, however, the younger one replied, "He is an Indian. A friend and accomplice of the Lone Ranger."

Captain Schloss frowned. H'm, an Indian. Red Indian, that was. This altered the situation considerably. The boy was one thing. A loose Indian was something else. One could never tell what a loose savage might do. It was imperative that the Indian be captured. However, he must get the message to the High Command. That was even more urgent now.

"Munze," he ordered, stepping into the underbrush, where, while they could keep an eye on the camp, they could still converse secretly. "Take a rifle and a horse. This boy must be captured." He stopped, and went on in a firmer voice to imbue Munze with the proper courage.

"There is also, it seems, an Indian lurking about the island somewhere. I do not think they are armed. At any rate, not with anything more dangerous than an air rifle and a bow and arrow. It is absolutely essential, you understand, that they are captured. Otherwise, serious consequences might ensue. It is up to you."

Seaman Munze blanched slightly

and saluted. "I will do my best, Herr Captain. Heil Hitler."

He gulped, turned, and picked out the sorrel mare. He mounted and, rifle across his knees, pistol within each reach, rode off. A few minutes later Captain Schloss heard a shout in the distance and the call, "Hi-Yo, Silver, away!"

He smiled in satisfaction. By this time Technician Bruhl had the wireless set up and was already operating. Captain Schloss worked out a proper message. It was sent first to Captain Neehaus, disguised as a purser on the Haartgaard, lying, apparently useless, in Havana harbor.

Captain Neehaus forwarded it over a secret wireless to Admiral Schriber somewhere in the Atlantic, who, in turn, forwarded it to Admiral von Yarruck in Berlin. Far from being uninhabited, Captain Schloss informed them, Little Horse Cay was owned by a wealthy American, and was literally crawling with people, apparently Americans. Two men, two women, one boy and an Indian, to be specific.

He continued, describing the situation and his actions, and respectfully asked for further orders, particularly the disposition of the people, and especially the Indian.

It took time. First to put the message in cipher, then to send it, then to forward it twice. And naturally the High Command in Berlin had to deliberate on it.

After five hours, the reply came. The High Command commended Captain Schloss on his handling of the situation and advised him as follows: First, to gain complete control of the island. Second, to be

A boy was easy to deal with, thought Captain Schloss, but a Red Indian was another matter.

certain that no one escaped or communicated with the outside. Third, seeing that they were Americans, the prisoners were to be treated politely and with all consideration.

The Indian, particularly, must not be maltreated. The Americans were very fond of their Indians, as, contrary to general European opinion, they were practically extinct, and every effort was being made to preserve them.

The High Command would hold up its plans for twenty-four hours to give Captain Schloss plenty of opportunity to get the situation under control. When he had it under control he was to communicate again and receive further orders. Heil Hitler!

This was approximately what Captain Schloss expected. Except for the Indian. He had thought there might be an exception in that case in view of Indians' well-known disposition towards savagery and their ignorance of civilised rules of warfare. However, orders were orders.

He ordered Wireless Technician Bruhl to stand guard over the prisoners. Then he rounded up the one remaining horse, and, armed with rifle, pistol, and rope, he set out in search of Seaman Munze, the boy, and the Indian.

HE went first to the beach and called out to Seaman Wiener, asking him if he had seen any sign of Munze, the boy, or an Indian.

Seaman Wiener replied that he had seen Seaman Munze leave on the horse and proceed down the beach. A mile or so down the beach the boy had run out of the woods on his pony. Seeing Seaman Munze, he had hesitated momentarily, then cried out something that sounded like, "Hallo, Silver; away!"

Seaman Munze set off in diligent pursuit. A half-mile farther on, the boy suddenly swerved into the woods. Seaman Munze followed. The last he saw of either was Munze galloping off into the woods.

Captain Schloss set off, following Seaman Munze's plainly visible tracks in the sand. He had proceeded scarcely half a mile when the boy broke out of the woods on the white pony.

Seeing Captain Schloss he spurred the pony into a run and cried out, "Hi-Yo, Silver; away!"

Captain Schloss dug his heels into

the horse. The shock of the blows stimulated the horse into a run. The pony was fast, but the horse, naturally, was somewhat faster. Captain Schloss reflected with satisfaction that it would not be long at this rate before he caught the boy. Then would come the turn of the Indian.

He was within a hundred yards of the boy, and preparing to shout to him to surrender, when the boy suddenly swerved into the woods. Recalling Technician Bruhl's unfortunate experience, Captain Schloss craftily decided to follow exactly in the boy's tracks. He galloped into the woods. There was a path of sorts here. He could see the boy disappearing round a curve, with a leap. He spurred the horse to greater speed and took the curve at a full gallop.

Suddenly he was thrown violently off the horse. The rifle flew off his knees, grazing his jaw on the way.

Somewhat dazed, he looked for the horse. It had just risen from the ground. A whistle came from the path. Captain Schloss turned. He got a glimpse of the boy in the distance. The horse trotted away. Top late Captain Schloss made a grab for it. It escaped.

Captain Schloss cursed the luck. He looked round for his equipment. Then he spotted something.

It was not luck at all! It was a trap. Doubtless of the Indian's making. The cunning savage had tied a stout rope between two trees about eighteen inches above the ground, just beyond the curve of the path. That had tripped the horse, Captain Schloss saw light. Doubtless this was precisely what had happened to Seaman Munze.

He scanned the ground. Ah, Jawohl. There were definite signs of such an accident. There was Seaman Munze's cap. And here, in the path, evident signs of something being dragged away. The body, no doubt.

Captain Schloss set his jaw grimly. This called for vengeance. He collected his rifle, pistol, and rope. Then he began to follow the trail. Carefully, for the adversaries now possessed Seaman Munze's weapons.

The trail led to the beach. There it was plain. The marks of the dragged body could be seen for fifty feet. Captain Schloss followed, keeping within the shelter of the woods. He followed down the beach nearly to the point. At last he came to the end. Out on a promontory there was a lone, almost leafless tree and fastened to it was what appeared to be the naked body of Seaman Munze.

Forgetting caution, Captain Schloss broke into a run. Visions of brutal torture were in his mind. Indians were addicted to all sorts of cruel tricks which they practise on prisoners.

It was, therefore, a shock, pleasant, but nevertheless a shock, to discover that Seaman Munze was still alive. His eyes lighted with relief at the sight of Captain Schloss. He was sitting in the sand, divested of clothes, except for his shorts, the upper part of his body tied with many loops of rope to the tree. His body was terrifyingly red. It was possibly the worst case of sunburn Captain Schloss had ever seen.

Over Seaman Munze's head there was a cardboard sign reading: "The next time Tonto will scalp, alive. The Lone Ranger."

Captain Schloss pulled out his knife and cut Seaman Munze free. "What happened?"

Seaman Munze was not completely clear. He had chased the boy into the woods, and suddenly he hit a tree and that was all he knew. When he awakened he was tied.

Captain Schloss shook his head grimly. "We must put a stop to it immediately." He gave Seaman Munze the rifle. "We must be better organised," he said. "To camp."

They set forth, and in due course they reached the camp. It was slow going, for Seaman Munze was suffering acutely from sunburn. However, they made it. They stepped into the clearing—and found the two men prisoners facing them with pointed guns.

"Now, hold it," Jake Harvey said. "These things are likely to go off, and when they go off they will go straight."

For a moment Captain Schloss entertained the notion of lifting his pistol. However, it was very plain



TAILORED SIMPLICITY for a frock of cool navy lace. Grosgrain ribbon edges the front closing and touches of white pique at the neckline introduce an air of crisp freshness.

to see that the guns were extremely steady and both men were obviously quite familiar with firearms. Better, he reflected, to give in.

Later an opportunity to free himself might come. After all, there were still Wireless Technician Bruhl and Seaman Wiener. He corrected himself. Technician Bruhl was roped to a tree, staring at him with apologetic eyes.

"Now, drop those guns and step forward one step," Jake Harvey ordered.

They did so. Quickly they were ordered to back up against trees. The two women fastened them to the trunks with tent ropes. Very soon they were helpless.

At this moment there was a cry of "Hi-Yo, Silver!" and the Lone Ranger galloped in, dismounted, and examined the manner in which the two were tied. "Pretty good, Ma," he said. "Only, this guy here isn't tight enough."

"That's all right, son," Jake Harvey said. "With that sunburn, anything tighter would kill him."

"Okay, chief," the Lone Ranger said. "Boy, oh, boy! That sure was fun, eh, Pa? Wait till you see how I fixed that trap. Just like the Lone Ranger in Chapter 7, only there it was Tonto that did it."

"Of course, these guys were awfully dumb. They don't know anything, Pop. Like that guy," pointing at Technician Bruhl. "When I called like a bob-white to let you know I was crawling up to you, he didn't think anything of it. Gee, a guy that don't know there aren't any quail on the Bahamas is pretty dumb, eh, Pop? Look, Pop; maybe I could have a Lone Ranger suit now, huh, Pop?"

"Sure, son."

And that was the end of the campaign on Little Horse Cay. Of course, there were sequels. Seaman Wiener, for instance.

When the captain was captured, an attempt was made to persuade Seaman Wiener to surrender. But Seaman Wiener, once he became aware of the situation, started the boat and went off. Nothing was heard of him afterwards.

Once the prisoners were secure, the slight young man went to the radio. It seemed he was a radio service man in a small town in Florida, and possessed sufficient knowledge to send out a message for help. Some amateurs picked it up, deciphered it, and forwarded it to the proper authorities. A plane was sent from Nassau and it landed a party of officers who took things in charge.

Just how they managed to decoy Admiral Schriber's squadron into the battle of the Azores is not precisely known, although no doubt the finding of the secret code among Captain Schloss' possessions helped.

Nevertheless, it is quite plain that Captain Schloss cannot be blamed for what happened. The trouble was, when one traces it to fundamentals, that the High Command had simply overlooked one type of tactics—those used by the Lone Ranger.

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One of the bombs had landed near the foot of the submarine's conning-tower.

LANDFALL

Second instalment of our vivid romantic drama of the Air Force.

By NEVIL SHUTE

FLYING-OFFICER JERRY CHAMBERS, of the Coastal Command, returns from morning patrol to learn that the unescorted ship Lochentia has been torpedoed, unseen by any of the patrol planes.

She was seen and her survivors rescued, however, by a naval trawler, and this leads to a bitter clash between WING-COMMANDER DICKENS, of the Air Force, and CAPTAIN BURNABY, of the Navy. Burnaby has always maintained that the coastal patrol is inefficient, and seizes the opportunity of criticising it scathingly, leaving Dickens infuriated.

That evening, Jerry goes to the Royal Clarence snack bar to meet the waitress, MONA STEVENS. In the bar, his attention is suddenly arrested by the conversation of some men behind him.

Now read on:

CHAMBERS turned; there was a little knot of R.N.V.R. officers standing beneath a blue poster warning them not to discuss naval matters in public places. He judged them to be off the trawlers that came into harbor every night. Another said:

"We ought to carry more life-saving equipment. I'd have got more of them if I'd had a couple of Carley floats."

"Couldn't the boats have got them?"

"There were only two proper seamen in the boat. They had all that they could do to keep her head to sea, of course. The ones in the water were just drifted away."

The speaker paused, and then said very quietly: "It was a filthy mess. I've never seen anything like it."

"Much fuel oil about?"

"Lord, yes. They were covered with it—the ones that were in the water. Just choked with the stuff. I'd have picked up a few more of them if it hadn't been for that."

"How many did you get in all?"

"Thirteen in the boat and then we picked up seven from the water. We got three bodies, too."

"The women were all in the boat, weren't they?"

"No—of the seven we picked up, there were three women and four men. But two of the women died within ten minutes and one of the men. They'd been in the water over an hour."

Somebody said: "I suppose they were practically gone when you got them?"

"Just floating in the life-jackets, you know. To all intents and purposes, they were dead."

"What about another?"

"I don't mind."

One of the "Wavy Navy" pushed his way towards the bar. Another said: "I don't understand why they only got one boat away. They weren't shelled, were they?"

"Not that I know of. We'd have heard it, anyway. But she went down still steaming ahead at about six or seven knots, as far as I could make out from what they said. They never got her stopped to get the boats down."

"She just went on till she went under?"

"That's right."

Another said: "Who owned her?"

"I've no idea. And then another said: "Sanderson and Moore—Sunderland. They had the Loch-

tie, and the Glen Tay, and the Glen Ormond."

Chambers turned to them. "I'm sorry—I heard what you said about the Lochentia. I'm Coastal Command, patrolling in your sector."

The other nodded. "In an Anson?"

"That's right. Tell me—was it a submarine?"

"Must have been. Too deep for a mine—there's thirty fathoms of water out there."

"Did you see anything of the submarine?"

"Not a smell of it. Did a bit of listening, but she'd been gone an hour. Nothing to go by."

Another said: "She'd slip away ten miles and then lie quiet on the bottom till nightfall. She might be anywhere."

Chambers said: "Can't you get her when she surfaces?"

The trawlerman shrugged his shoulders. "Got a couple of drifters out there now on listening patrol. It's just a chance if they contact her in the dark."

Chambers said: "I was on the morning patrol, but my zone was to the east of you. It was filthy visibility—we couldn't see a thing. I'm afraid the chap who had that zone missed the ship altogether."

The other nodded slowly. "An aeroplane flew near us twice while we were picking up the boat. We heard it, but we couldn't see it."

One of them said: "It's a wonder

you come out at all, this sort of weather. Bill Stammers picked one of your Ansons out of the sea on a day just like this about a month ago."

Chambers said: "I know. Chap called Grenfell was the pilot. Flew right in. He and the wireless operator ruined themselves. That's the one you mean?"

"That's right. The other two were in a little rubber boat."

"Too cold for that this weather."

"You're right. Though for December it's not as cold as it might be."

The pilot said: "We could do without all this blasted rain."

He stayed with them for a quarter of an hour and stood a round of drinks. Then he said:

"Well, I must go and feed. I'll keep my eyes skinned for your little friend when I'm out to-morrow."

The officer who had rescued the survivors said suddenly and harshly: "If you see the confounded thing, give it everything you've got."

There was a momentary silence. The young flying-officer nodded soberly. "Okay," he said. "I'll do that, with your love."

He went off to the grill.

In the Pavilion the lights swung and changed color on the dancers. The floor was crowded.

Chambers swung the girl deftly in and out of the crowd of dancers on the floor. They were laughing together in the changing lights. She still wore the plain black frock that she had worn when serving in the bar; he had not allowed her time to go back home to change. They turned and side-stepped merrily in an open space. She sang softly:

"Ho hum, the tune is dumb,
The words don't mean a thing—

Isn't this a silly song
For anyone to sing?"

He said: "Don't sing that song. It sends an arrow right through my heart."

She bubbled with laughter. "You do talk soft. What's it this time?"

"I had a date with Snow White. I broke it to come here and dance with you."

"You do tell stories. It was Ginger Rogers last time."

"I know it was. They're all after me because I dance so well."

She laughed again up into his face.

Presently the dance came to an end. He took her back to the table which they had left loaded with their overcoats to retain it and bought strawberry ices for them both. She said: "What do you do when you aren't flying?"

He said: "I'm writing my autobiography. It's the right thing to do that when you're twenty-three."

She looked at him uncertainly. "You don't know how to write a book, I don't believe."

"Anyone can write that sort of book. I'm going to call it 'Forty Years a Flying-Officer'."

The dance-hall was built out upon a pier on the sea-front. Beneath their feet the tide crept in over the sand, menacing in the utter darkness. Outside no lights whatever showed upon the waste of waters. On the black, tumbling sea a very few ships moved unseen, unlit, and stealthily. Twenty miles out two little wooden vessels lay five miles apart, with engines stopped and drifting with the tide.

In each of them a man sat in a little, dimly-lit cabin. Before him was an electrical apparatus; he wore headphones on his head. From time to time he turned the knob of a condenser.

He sat there listening, listening, all the winter night.

Please turn to page 34

The party programme was carefully planned, but the unrehearsed item set things happening.

Christmas works Magic

WHEN the elevator stopped at the toy department, Emmy and Ray, and what seemed like a thousand weary mothers, burst out of the little cage. Immediately they became part of an incredibly noisy, feverish, tossing world that glittered, screamed, and squawked all over the sixth floor.

"I'm about pulled to pieces," Emmy said. "She'll never want us if I look as awful as I feel."

"You're all right," Ray looked about. In a relatively quiet corner there stood a small, gaily-painted cottage. Over its bright red door was a tiny sign which read, "My Party Box."

"That's it," Ray said. "Come on." They opened the door and stepped into a room where there was a white desk with a girl behind it. She was a pretty girl with a lovely wide smile.

"Merry Christmas," she said sweetly. "I am Miss Marshall. How can I serve you?"

"Merry Christmas," Emmy returned. "We came with a message from Lady Henrietta."

"What kind of a message?" The lovely wide smile disappeared. "What's the matter with Lady Henrietta? Is she going to disappoint me?"

"The cat's sick. He's running a fever."

"Deliver me from trained-animal acts. They're always a bad risk. You tell Henrietta she's put me in a hole for an act to-night."

"But she can't help it," Ray said. "She's sorer than you are. And she sent us because she thought maybe—Well, we're an act, too."

Miss Marshall's sharp eyes darted from the frayed collar of Ray's shirt to Emmy's rain-spotted hat. "What do you do?" she asked without enthusiasm.

"It's sort of mind reading. Emmy plays tunes on a banjo—any tune the person wants."

"Is that mind reading? I'd call it banjo playing."

"But," Emmy protested, "the person doesn't have to tell me what he wants. He tells Ray, then I play it right off without his knowing how I knew what he wanted. You see, I'm blindfolded and—"

"Oh, code stuff. Fake mental telepathy. Well, are you any good?" Ray said with dignity. "People like our act very much."

"Do they?" Miss Marshall asked. Her sharp eyes went again to Ray's frayed collar. "What would you want to fill in fifteen minutes at a children's party to-night?"

"Twenty-five dollars," Ray said. "Make it fifteen and I'll use you. If you're any good I've got a string of parties through January that you could play."

Ray said it fifteen. He didn't know what else to do.

Ray and Emmy stood against the glass and watched the children at their games. Miss Marshall had, for to-night, changed her name to Mary Christmas. She wore a bright red

dress belted at the waist with tinsel, and upon her shoulder was a corsage of holly berries and mistletoe.

Emmy's eyes wandered about the tremendous place in which the party was being held. She supposed that ordinarily this room was the luxury store where the mother of the little hostess. They both had the same grave dark eyes and the same gorgeous brown hair.

I've never seen such lovely hair, Emmy thought. She moved closer to Ray and whispered, "Isn't she beautiful?"

Ray nodded. "But I'll still take you," he whispered. "I have a weakness for turned-up noses. Hers is too elegant and grand, like a dinner at the Ritz."

"Hush about eating till we get back to town." They looked at each other and smiled. Emmy wanted to throw her arms around Ray and hug him just because it made her happy to look at his pleasant, plain face.

Suddenly the woman glanced at a small diamond watch upon her wrist and signalled Miss Marshall. Instantly Miss Marshall raised her arms and addressed the children.

"Now, Mary Christmas has a wonderful surprise for you. You're all to sit down right where you are and Marjory's daddy is going to sing for you on the radio."

The children seated themselves upon the floor, and into the stillness Marjory's voice broke plaintively.

"I wish he was here. He hasn't visited us for five Sundays. Will he be here for Christmas, mother?"

"I couldn't tell you, darling." The words came from over a white shoulder.

"And now," came a friendly voice from the air lanes, "Crandall Company, the silversmiths of your ancestors, proudly present the voice of America's favorite troubadour, Mr. Eric Craig."

"That's my father," Marjory announced, even more proudly than the Crandall Company had announced him.

Mr. Eric Craig sang "Holy Night." He sang it so beautifully that Emmy could see the churches all over the world and the stars shining upon a Mother who held her Babe at her breast.

No wonder he's famous, Emmy thought. He's wonderful. So that's whose home this is. And this is his family.

SHE looked across the room at Eric Craig's wife and saw that she was apparently counting the clusters of balloons above her head. There was no sign on her face that the great song and the exquisite voice had even drawn her attention.

There was applause led by Miss Marshall as the last sweet note died away.

"I wish he was here," the little girl said again.

"Oh, isn't it nice, darling," her mother asked, "to know that he's singing for millions of people to-night?"

"No, it isn't," the child said. "I want him right here." And the expression on her face tugged at Emmy's heartstrings and frightened

Mary Christmas into thinking of something fast.

"Now the orchestra's going to play, and after a while Marjory's daddy will sing again. While the music's on I'm going to introduce"—she beckoned to Ray and Emmy—"two of Mary Christmas' very good friends. Children, here are Mr. and Mrs. Yuletide."

Thirty little faces looked up at Ray and Emmy curiously. Ray bowed. Emmy curtsied.

"Now," Miss Marshall continued, "after Mr. Craig finishes singing we're going to play a wonderful game, and then Mr. and Mrs. Yuletide are going to entertain us. Now, what are they going to do to entertain us? In the next few minutes you try to guess. I'll give a prize to the one who comes closest."

"That's pulling the fat out of the fire," Ray whispered. "I thought the little girl was going to bawl there for a minute."

Eric Craig sang once more. He sang "O Little Town of Bethlehem!" and then he spoke to his vast audience. "Good night, dear friends," he said. "And the old wish, ever new, ever bright. A merry Christmas to you and yours."

He was gone from the air, and in the centre of the glittering playroom stood a little girl not at all certain that she was having a good time at her party.

"Marjory," Miss Marshall called, "you have to lead this game! You call the name of a toy we'll find beneath the Christmas tree. Hurry up, dear."

"Where's Mother? I want to ask her something."

"She'll be back. You'll see. Come on, now; mention a toy."

After that the fun was fast and

furiously. The children eagerly thronged about Santa Claus with his sack of toys. A dozen prizes were won. Scores of favors were clutched in hot little hands. Mr. and Mrs. Yuletide mystified their audience and were rewarded by a chilly nod of approval from Mary Christmas.

So the party came to an end. At last, all the guests were gone.

Miss Marshall was powdering her face, getting ready to depart, Emmy and Ray were anxious to go, too. They were very hungry. They had stoically refused the sandwiches and ice-cream that had been passed by the servants. They had no wish to spoil the Christmas Eve feast of which they had dreamed all day.

"Well," said Ray, "were we all right?" Miss Marshall frowned in her mirror. "Yes, I thought you were very good."

"I'm glad. Well, if you were satisfied, that'll be fifteen dollars, please."

"You'll get paid the first thing Thursday morning after the store opens."

"What!" Two pairs of eyes stared at her in horror.

"The store always pays the entertainers the day after the party. To-morrow being a holiday, the store will be closed, so the next day you come in and—"

"Miss Marshall," Emmy wailed, "we have to have the money!"

"You'll get it, but not to-night."

"But—" Ray's eyes turned toward the doorway through which an hour or so before Mrs. Craig had disappeared.

Miss Marshall did a little mind reading of her own. "She's in bed, and besides, she doesn't pay the



The children eagerly thronged about Santa Claus with his sack of toys.



"They're going somewhere in a hurry," Ray said, gazing after the vanishing car.

people who entertain. The store bills her on the first of the month for the party as a whole.

"Still I think—"

"No use arguing, Ray," Emmy said, despairingly. "She's right."

"Of course I'm right. You'd better get to the station if you want to catch that ten-something train. The taxi is outside."

They walked unhappily into the cold night. They saw Miss Marshall pop into a car that had been waiting for her. Wordlessly, they entered the taxi-cab and were driven to the station. And there they were left to await the train that would take them back to the little room where they would go to bed hungry on Christmas Eve!

"I'm not going to do it," Ray said. "They wanted their act for Christmas Eve and they got it. We didn't

say to them, 'You'll have it the day after Christmas.' No, we gave it to them when they wanted it; when they needed it."

"Yes, dear. But what can we do?"

"I'll show you what we can do. We can go back there and tell her that she owes us fifteen dollars. Maybe she's human. If she understands how we're fixed, she might give us the money."

Hope rose in Emmy's heart. "That's right. Oh, Ray, do you think—"

"We can try." Determination in their hearts, they trudged back bravely through the snow.

They were only a block from the Craig house when a car dashed past them.

"They're going somewhere in a

hurry," Ray said, gazing after the vanishing car.

"There's only one place for them to go up this street," said Emmy.

When at last they stood before the house they saw that the car had indeed stopped there.

Emmy clutched Ray's arm. "Do you know who I'll bet was in that car? I'll bet it's Eric Craig. Oh, the little girl'll be so pleased!"

They rang the bell and waited with pounding hearts.

The butler who had passed sandwiches at the party stood upon the threshold.

"Did you forget something?" he asked.

"No. We want to see Mrs. Craig." "I'm afraid that would be impossible."

"Is she asleep?" Emmy inquired.

By VINA DELMAR

The butler hesitated. And then, from behind the closed door just off the foyer, Mrs. Craig's voice came clearly and firmly.

"I don't care if you've brought her ten presents. She's in bed, and she's not to be wakened."

"But it's Christmas Eve, Jean! Why can't I go up and see her? I got here as soon as I could after the broadcast."

"Well, it wasn't soon enough. Marjory's asleep. If it wouldn't interfere too much with your arrangements, perhaps you could manage to see your daughter to-morrow."

"I intended to see her to-morrow and to-night, and, for your benefit, I might add that I still intend to."

The butler put his hand on the knob of the front door. It had suddenly dawned upon him that he should not stand here listening, and that he certainly should not permit strangers to hear Mr. and Mrs. Craig arguing.

Emmy's cold hand brushed Ray's, and he knew that he couldn't march her back to the station until she was warm again and fed.

"The fact is, we're hungry," he said desperately.

The butler nodded and looked very solemn. "Well," he said, "I think

Come along. You wouldn't mind, would you? The kitchen, I mean. I couldn't set up the dining-room without asking, and I couldn't ask right now. She's busy."

"Jean, if you ever loved me, you couldn't be so obstinate. I've done everything a man could do, and still you won't take me back."

"Why do you want to be taken back? You're always having a good time."

Ray and Emmy followed the butler to the kitchen. Emmy had never seen this kind of kitchen before.

"Please take off your things. Sit down. I'll call the cook." The butler disappeared and returned with Sarah, his neat, efficient-looking wife. She bustled about, throwing a bright tea-cloth on a table, and presently a younger woman in cap and apron came to help her.

"This is Katherine," the butler said. "She's afraid of you."

"Afraid of us!" Emmy exclaimed.

"It's your mind reading. Perhaps you are devils," the butler suggested, glancing at the giggling girl.

"I heard about that mind reading," the cook said as she took a chicken from the refrigerator. "A cook sticks in the kitchen and sees nothing. She only hears from butlers and waitresses what's going on."

EMMY eyed the chicken and the celery and the salad and all the other fine things, and she determined that Sarah was to know about their act first hand.

She and Ray ate with the eagerness of healthy people who have dreamed for days of a well-cooked meal. Sarah and Katherine hovered over them, passing this and offering that.

And at last the moment came when Emmy and Ray could eat no more.

"Now," said Emmy, "hand me the banjo, Ray, and blindfold me. Sarah shall see the act."

"Oh, really," Sarah protested, "you mustn't think . . . I went to no trouble . . . You don't have to." But she looked at the banjo with the bright expectancy of a child.

Ray blindfolded Emmy and bade Sarah examine his work. "Now, you will see the most amazing, most baffling demonstration that has ever been the public's privilege to behold," he announced.

"I will pass among you, and into my ear, and to my ear alone, you will whisper the name of a song. The moment it registers in my mind, my partner will play it upon the banjo. Impossible, you say? Ladies and gentlemen, test it out. Proof is yours for the asking. Come, now, what is your choice?"

He hurried to Sarah, who whispered in his ear.

"A very good song," Ray commented. "If you please, partner."

Emmy plucked "Beautiful Ohio" out of her banjo.

"Correct!" Ray snapped briskly, and moved on to Katherine. "Your selection?"

Katherine giggled. "Maybe she hears what we whisper."

"A very astute observation, young lady. Let us see if that is the method used by my pretty partner." He offered Katherine a pad and pencil. "Write the name of your selection here." Katherine wrote, and Ray glanced at what she had written. "You put us on our mettle. Let us see if we are equal to the

He was interrupted by the banjo, which had shifted from waltz time to the well-loved hit of another day.

"Why, that's 'Dinah!'" Ray said in mock surprise. "The very song you requested. Now, you, sir," he addressed the butler. "Ah, one wonders how my partner could possibly know that song. However, we can but make the endeavor. Partner, concentrate; think; try!"

And the banjo played "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree."

"What's all this?" Ray wheeled at the sound of a voice from the doorway. It was Mrs. Craig standing there.

"It's the entertainers from Marjory's party, madam," the butler explained.

A SMALL, very small smile. "And you thought you'd like them to entertain you."

Emmy snatched the blindfold from her eyes. "No, Mrs. Craig, they thought no such thing. We're only trying to pay them a little for their kindness. We were hungry, and they—"

"Oh, I see. I hope you had a good dinner. Nobody must be hungry on Christmas Eve."

"I hope," Sarah said, "that we didn't disturb Marjory."

"She's awake," Mrs. Craig's tone was brittle. "Good-night. Merry Christmas, everybody."

They answered her in chorus, and she turned to leave, but was met in the doorway by her husband and child.

"There they are!" Marjory cried triumphantly. "I knew I heard the magic banjo playing. Oh, Daddy, you have to listen to it. It's wonderful. It played 'Comin' Thro' the Rye' and 'Parade of the Wooden Soldiers' and everything."

"Did it, darling?" Eric Craig smiled from Ray to Emmy. "I've heard scarcely a thing from her except the magic banjo."

"And Mother," Marjory went on, "you missed it, too. Please," to Emmy, "would you do it again, the things you did at the party?"

Mrs. Craig turned to Ray. "Marjory thought your act was all too short. If you're not terribly worn out, you can consider yourselves booked for a return engagement."

"It would be a pleasure," Ray said.

Mrs. Craig smiled graciously. "But I'm very tired, so if you'll excuse—"

The child clutched the star-strewn skirt of her mother's dress. "Oh, Mother, please stay. Let's have it now. It's so wonderful. Just imagine, any song at all. Please don't go. Daddy, make her stay."

Eric Craig reddened and turned from the pleading eyes of his child. There was much in this world that he could do for her, but this simple thing was beyond him.

"Oh, Mother, it'll be all spoiled if you go! I want you and Daddy both to hear it, and I want—"

she looked at Emmy and Ray —

"and I want it to start right now."

Ray fixed the blindfold once more over Emmy's eyes. Did Mrs. Craig mean that there was another fifteen dollars coming up? Certainly she had sounded as though that was what she meant. He walked toward Marjory and bent his ear for her choice of song. It was "Holy Night," the song her father had sung on the radio, and the child clapped her hands delightedly as Emmy guessed it.

Mrs. Craig chose "South of the Border," and Marjory squealed excitedly as her mother acknowledged that Emmy was right.

"Well, I suppose it's my turn now," Eric Craig said, "so I pass it on to you."

"Oh, no, Daddy. You must have a turn."

Ray stepped up to Mr. Craig and listened to the great voice sunk in secretive whisper, and then strange things began to happen.

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"What's that in your hand?" John demanded accusingly.

Lydia had been sure of her love, but the wedding day found her a prey to sudden doubts and fears.

BEFORE dawn on her wedding day Lydia woke from deep, dreamless sleep and, in the split second before the return of full consciousness, lay quietly, drowsily in contentment, dimly aware of the security, the familiarity of her surroundings.

In the faintly silvered room she could see the dark, looming shapes of furniture, the suitcases standing open on their racks, evidence of the ordered confusion of her mother's packing.

Lydia trembled. It began from somewhere within, this senseless, sudden tremor. Her heart shook, and her pulses, and she set her lips firmly to control their quivering.

To-night—no, last night—she had demurred against her mother's edict. "But why should I go to bed early?" she had demanded, as if she were nine and not nineteen. "I'm not in the least tired!"

"I will not have you looking like an old hag," her mother had said definitely. "I wish you and John had decided a month ago. All this barbaric nonsense—parties, showers, fittings, rehearsals, dinners—it's beyond reason."

"But I won't sleep." "You'll sleep," said her mother, producing a tranquillising book and a mild sedative potion.

Presently Lydia had slept, the unopened book sliding from her relaxing hand, briefly, dimly aware

of her mother performing the final, accustomed rites—opening windows to their full width, drawing the light covering about her shoulders, touching her lips to the round, warm cheek, banishing the lights and tiptoeing away.

But now she was awake. She closed her eyes and tried to erase all thoughts from her mind. But it was no use. After a time she rose and reached to the foot of the bed for her robe, the comfortable old robe. The new robe, the extravagant negligee, the hostess gown, the tea gowns were packed. The new mules, too. But the old slippers with the run-down heels stood on the hooked rug beside her bed.

She stood on the rug and put her feet in the slippers. She belted the robe about her, and brushed her hair away from her face. Then she went to the south windows and looked down upon the garden. The flowers were dark in the moonlight, fragrant shadows.

Lydia sat down on the deep window sill. The wedding, she and John had decided, must be simple, with just the people for whom they cared most present. But there were so many people for whom they cared.

A simple wedding in the June garden. What was simple about that? A garden wedding depended upon weather. Old Lem, the gardener, had been thumbing his almanac for weeks.

"You needn't worry, Miss Lydia, you'll have a fine wedding day. I'm glad it's a Wednesday. That's what they say, you know: 'Wednesday, the best day of all.'" he had assured her.

She looked down on the peony border. Lem had spent the past weeks on his knees, combating weeds, seeking molehills, fighting the least, last insect. John claimed that every night Lem stole out and polished leaf and petal with some magical chamols of his own invention.

John. She thought the inner trembling had ceased, while she sat quietly here looking down into the garden. It had not. It was waiting for her to think about John and herself.

Soon the sun would rise and her mother would cry "Thank heaven!" and the warm golden light would drink the bright dew. The flowers would be on their best behaviour. The house would be in a state of unutterable activity. Maids running, doorbells ringing, people arriving, caterers.

John would come up from the inn with his father and mother, his best man, his ushers. The Weston house wasn't big enough to accommodate everyone. Already under

FROM THIS DAY *Forward* By **FAITH BALDWIN**

its roof were Lydia's parents, their parents, three aunts, two uncles, the visiting bridesmaids, herself, the staff. To-morrow the other bridesmaids would come, the maid of honor from next door, the Deeming twins from the house on the Point.

To-morrow was to-day. The moon's bright course was almost run. At the end of the garden the rose arbor was a dark, round shape against the sky. Before to-day's sun had set Lydia would walk along the wide turf path to the arbor, on her father's arm.

She said, just above a whisper, "I can't go through with it."

This room was as known to her as her mother's face. She could walk all about it, in darkness, and not stumble.

To-morrow morning she would waken in an hotel room, impersonal and strange. She would not be alone, nor would she hear her mother's voice in the corridor, her father's tuneless singing, an hotel room, then a train, and then another hotel, three thousand miles away. A white ship and the blue Pacific and the throb of engines carrying her to a land unvisited, enchantment in the very sound of its name—Hawaii, the Islands. "I've always wanted to see Hawaii," she had told John a long time ago. Now they were going there, he and she, on their honeymoon.

You love John, don't you, Lydia? That was her heart speaking to her, very quietly. She thought, I'm not sure. How do you know you are sure?

If you weren't sure, you couldn't marry him. It wasn't fair to either of you. Yet once she had been so sure, even before he asked her, "Do you love me?" So sure three months ago, a month, watching for his letters, sitting for hours every day, setting down words which were to assure him of her love and her longing. When had she begun to wonder—ten days ago, last week, last night?

What made you fall in love? Lydia had met a dozen young men who, if you described them, might be John. And if she had met a dozen, how many more were there in the world?

She knew John by heart and she did not know him at all. She knew the newspapers he swore by, which columnists he swore at, the periodicals he read. She knew his church, his politics, his background, his prejudices, his absurd dislikes. She knew his preference in girls. He liked girls to be dark, slender, and not too tall. He liked them to have grey eyes and heart-shaped faces. At least since Lydia became his girl. There had been

a lot of girls before Lydia: "Darling, none serious," he said.

Lydia went to her desk and turned on the light which shone down upon blotter and pens and ink and the racked notepaper. How many notes had she written of late?

"Dear Cousin Mary, thank you so much for the beautiful silver servers" . . . "Dear Mrs. Arden, John and I are so happy over your lovely gift."

The new notepaper, the new calling cards were unopened in their boxes in the bottom drawer. After to-day she could use them . . . She would never use them, she thought, and the bright round tears, unexpected and hot, rolled down her cheeks.

Don't cry, Lydia. Someone will hear you. Your mother down the corridor. What is your mother thinking; is she remembering her wedding day?

Let the door open, she prayed silently, let her come in and take me in her arms which have never failed me, and tell me that if I am not sure I need not go through with it, that it doesn't matter that the guests are here, the garden waiting and the tickets bought; that nothing matters except being sure.

She looked toward the door, but it remained closed and the house was very still. Lydia sat down at the desk and picked up her pen. She put out her other hand and took paper from the rack. After a while she began to write.

John (she wrote), I can't marry you. I'm afraid. And if I am afraid, I am not sure. Don't you see how sure I have to be?

I remember the day I first saw you, at Jennie's party in Boston. That was last winter. I was standing talking to someone and you came in. When I looked up and saw you in the doorway, my heart turned over.

Do you remember those two weeks in Boston? I saw you almost every day.

We talked so much, and all the time. We liked the same things, or very nearly. I didn't mind your not liking opera and you didn't mind my being scared of horses.

It was exciting, it was new, it was different. But I remembered that the winter before I was still at school, and Alan Merritt came up to the dance. He came with Debby—but he spent his time with me; and every time I saw him across the room, my heart turned over too.

And you, last winter, you were supposed to be in love with Jennie's cousin Edith. Jennie told me so.

So it wasn't very serious for either of us, was it? Just excitement and fun and looking forward to to-morrow and waiting for mail time.

Then I came home and you started coming down for week-ends, at first at the inn and then at the house.

I thought I must love you. Because I saw Alan again and he didn't even register. He bored me, rather. I saw George Peters and Tom Pearson. Not that I ever thought I was in love with George, but he was the first man to propose to me. And once I had liked Tom more than a little—last summer.

Please turn to page 32



The Sydney

EVERYONE knew her: saw her, head to tide,
 Sunning herself in harbor: quivered
 to her heel
 Firing a broadside: knew how built, what
 history:
 Fingered her wardroom's hunk of Emden steel.

Horizons took her: smoking up bright seas
 Her exploits ran; yet she remains our ship,
 Her thoughts in ours, her daring in our blood-
 beat.
 Her skill in hands that still our warm hands
 grip.

*The lonely youngster in a sunbrowned paddock
 Tastes the salt of Mediterranean spray,
 Savors the deeds flung from her wide wake's
 glitter.
 Sparda, Bardia, Calabria, Oran Bay.*

The sweating song her gun-crews roared to
 gun-roar,
 Shouts from flower-tossed cities to all ears
 come,
 We only in the silence after echo
 Hear far and high the coo-ees sent to home.

She is to all a glory: is to some
 A laughing face, a footstep, a hope that's gone,
 A prayer, a puzzled child, a bronze medallion,
 An empty heart. Be humble, everyone.

Humble before the proud grief of the living,
 Humble before the honor of her dead
 Who came from victories to shrug at speeches
 And left to speak for them one name instead.

*One name they freed from lease of ship, of
 city.*

*Sydney is nation: is democracy:
 It is grave task: it is the future:
 It is all men: it is liberty.*

—JOSEPHINE O'NEILL.



"WHO'D LIKE to adopt me?" Foster parents in search of a baby would be captured by these big brown eyes.



MOTHER LOVE ... next best thing when you can't have a baby yourself is to adopt some motherless scrap of humanity you can love.



TO-NIGHT she has a mummy's hand to clasp ... last night her cot was an orphanage crib.

Adoptions help cure war heartaches

Foundlings and orphans are more in demand than ever

Lonely wives of soldiers serving abroad are softening their war heartaches by adopting babies or young children to keep them company while their men are away. And babies for adoption are getting scarce.

More than 1200 are adopted every year here. They go into foster homes, growing up in an atmosphere of love and care sometimes surpassing that lavished on children by their own parents.

IN Sydney there are always more parents waiting to adopt children than there are babies available for adoption.

Through the Child Welfare Department, which controls adoption, both children and foster parents are very adequately protected.

No parents extend to their own babies a warmer welcome than that which greets the youngsters through whom men and women achieve vicarious parenthood. Every detail is planned carefully in advance.

There is a greater demand for girls than for boys, and the tendency is to choose a fair-haired girl who might resemble mother, and a dark boy to grow up like father.

In this connection arises the age-old controversy, heredity v. environment, and adoption offers surprising arguments in support of environment.

Adopted children often develop a marked likeness to their foster parents, if not actually in feature, in mannerisms and personality.

A lad, now verging on his teens, was adopted in infancy by a childless English couple in Perth. Dark-complexioned like his father, he speaks with the same clipped accent and has the finished manners that usually go with an exclusive old school tie.

A baby girl went to a couple whose boy, the doctor told them, would be an only child.

To-day, at three years, she toddles about a Sydney beach in a sunsuit that is a miniature replica of her "mother's," and onlookers comment freely that she resembles her mother as markedly as her brother resembles his father.

Guarded secrets

SOMETIMES the little stranger atones for the heartache occasioned by the loss of a mother's own baby. And, in the majority of such cases, parents are at some little pains to keep the adoption a strictly guarded secret.

Six days ago a mother entered Crown Street Hospital, in Sydney, for the fourth time. Three times she had been bitterly disappointed.

This time her hopes were high but, whatever the outcome, she and her husband had determined that the lovingly-planned nursery at home should not be left vacant this time.

Her own baby, born prematurely, lived only a matter of hours.

Immediately the father was told he adopted a three-days-old baby, took mother and child to a private hospital.

In a week's time, a proud mother will take home the babe she is

Wanted to adopt puny babies

MOST people adopting babies ask that they have a clean bill of health. But not always.

A middle-aged woman went to Crown Street Hospital some years ago, asking for two little girls. She was not married, and had a lovely home and plenty of money.

She suggested that she would prefer puny babies. With a country home and every facility that money could supply, she felt she could accomplish something really worth while in raising them in healthy surroundings.

nursing herself and not even her closest friends will know that the work in this case was the Child Welfare Department.

There are other cases on record in which a patient has booked a private room at the hospital; for months before she has observed appearances, and eventually spent a fortnight with the newly-adopted infant, to return home in triumph.

Friends call in the usual way, bringing gifts and flowers, and the pseudo-patient greets them from her bed—though she has been strolling about the room a minute before—and smiles her happiness from her "sick-bed."

There have been instances in which parents, having relinquished all hope of having children of their own, adopt a child. Then, some years later, find they are to greet their own baby after all.

A month ago a Brisbane matron greeted a father who brought his three-year-old adopted son to meet his new sister.



ADOPTED daughter comes home to find a wealth of "parental" affection ready-made for her benefit.

"I suppose I can have that fellow back?" said matron.

"No fear," said his father, "I'd rather give you the new one."

Out West on a comfortable and prosperous farm a tiny brown-skinned tot is growing into sturdy girlhood, cherished by six stalwart brothers.

The brunette coloring was a necessity. The parents are of Mexican extraction.

The question of adoption arose because, their own family completed, the couple still hadn't the daughter they so ardently wanted. But they have now, and there is not a happier small person in the whole of our vast open spaces.

A suburban family in Melbourne adopted two girls. To-day one is a fully-fledged pilot; the younger has just matriculated. Neither girl entertains the slightest doubt that the blood tie really exists.

Legal control

NO general rule is observed as to whether adopted children should be told the circumstances of their birth or not.

Some children grow up in full knowledge, feeling only an added tenderness for the parents who, of their own volition, have done so much for them.

To-day adoption is in every country a national question governed by carefully planned legislation, much

of which had its origin in the State of Texas, U.S.A.

Thirty years ago a Mrs. Edna Gladney opened a day nursery there and inaugurated the Texas Children's Aid Society, and now Hollywood has immortalised her humanitarian work in a film, "Blossoms in the Dust."

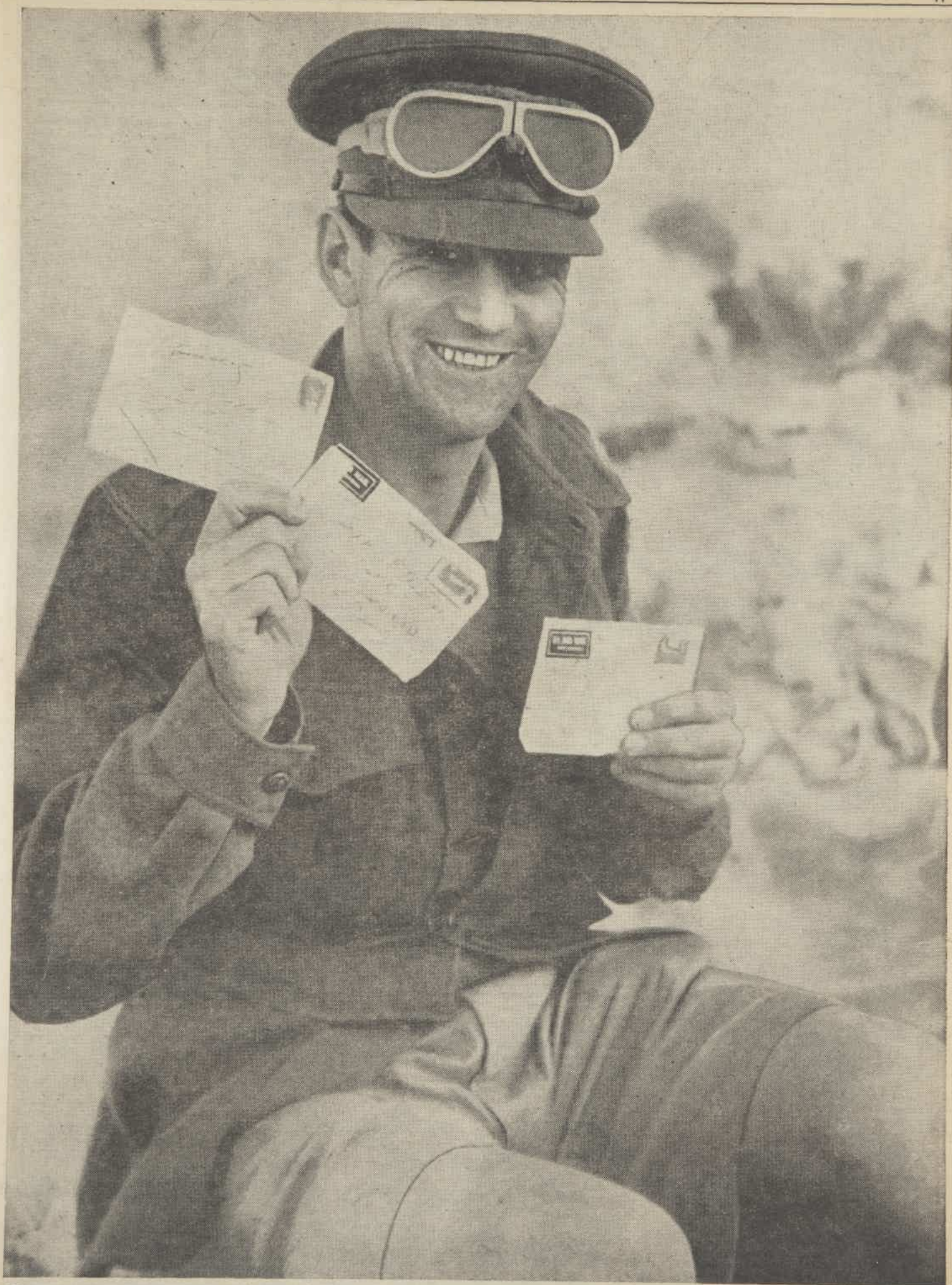
Matrons of hospitals whence little adoptees came receive regular mail from these children. Mrs. Gladney, who has been responsible for the adoption of more than three thousand children in America, has a mailing list for birthday greetings that requires the services of a secretary.

Matrons of Australian hospitals are proud to exhibit photographs and, in some instances, newspaper cuttings testifying to the happiness and the achievements of their babies.

"Illegitimacy is no bar to adoption," said Matron Shaw, of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, Sydney. "I find that the most important factor is a clean bill of health."

"The only sadness in the matter of illegitimacy lies with the mother of the child. Whatever the circumstances, no girl wants to part with her baby when the time comes. It means, of course, that she will not see her child again."

"It is the best thing for the child, and, of course, for the mother in the long run. We guard their secret strictly and, in some cases, even their own families know nothing of the event."



Letters from home

(PHOTO BY COURTESY QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS)

It's mail day in the Libyan desert, air-mail day, bringing those immeasurably welcome, infinitely dear letters from home and loved ones that will be read and re-read by blazing sun and flickering lamplight till they fall apart from sheer hard wear.

An Editorial

DECEMBER 13, 1941

A CHARGE ON THE NATION



AUSTRALIA'S grief at the loss of H.M.A.S. Sydney and H.M.A.S. Parramatta and their gallant men is overflowing into donations to various relief funds that will be used to help dependents of the missing men.

This generous impulse is the natural result of human sympathy and national gratitude towards men who have played a resounding part in the war at sea.

It is good to think that such contributions may bring to the families of men of the two ships, if not a happy Christmas, at least one which will be warmed by some of the good things that belong to the season.

But this is not enough. The families of the men to whom we owe our lives and our freedom must never have to look to charity, however sweet, however spontaneous, for their comfort or well-being.

They are the nation's charge, a sacred trust.

If the pensions or allowances which will automatically come to these families are not adequate to ensure their future, then those pensions must be reviewed.

Not because in these hours of sorrow and gratitude we feel the urgent need to help the women and children these heroes have left behind...

Not because the loss of these ships has caused us our "biggest heartache of the war," as the Lord Mayor of Sydney put it...

But because to all our sailors and soldiers and airmen we owe one unquestioned duty—the care of their loved ones, not for just now but for always.

Should they fall in battle their children must not be the losers. It is not enough to provide them with mere sustenance to cover necessities.

They must be cared for as their fathers would have cared for them. No less is fitting to the nation's honor.

Letters from our Boys

THOSE little bits which you read to friends from letters from husbands, sons or sweethearts in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of the sections of letters which they think may interest others. £1 is paid for each extract published on this page.

Sergeant-Pilot Barnes in the Middle East to his mother, Mrs. Jack Barnes, at Oakey, Qld.:

"THIS is the text of a signal sent by Air-Marshal Lloyd which I received after doing the almost impossible.

"My heartiest congratulations on the magnificent courage shown by yourself and your crew last evening. The courage shown by you all is in the highest traditions of our services. I trust you will soon be fit and well again."

"While attacking an enemy target we were hit by a heavy anti-aircraft shell square on our starboard wing. Our petrol tank on that side was blown clean out, the starboard engine damaged, and all instruments rendered useless.

"We were 200 miles inside enemy territory, and 200 miles of water from our base.

"Believe me, folks, we just had to make our base, as I had the best crew in the world and didn't want anything to happen to them.

"After an hour and a half of the most terrifying flying I have ever had our base came in sight, and then I had to land without an air speed indicator, or altimeter, and only one engine.

"I asked the boys if they would rather jump for it, but they stuck to me to a man. I made a perfect three-point landing and then just faded out from sheer exhaustion and woke up in hospital next morning.

"I am pleased to say that not one of the boys received even a scratch."

Driver R. E. Crossland in Syria to his mother, Mrs. J. L. Crossland, at Corrigin, W.A.:

"THE other day I had the job of carting bags of flour to a convent. We had about six truck-loads, and had to lump it upstairs through a courtyard, where girls were at school.

"You never see many pretty girls about the street, but there were plenty of them here.

"When we had finished the nuns prepared afternoon tea for us, wine, cakes, cigarettes, black coffee, and fruit.

"By gee, it was good. You should have seen our behaviour. Not one of us touched a thing till it was passed to us. In fact, we were perfect. The nuns even gave us a towel each to wash some of the flour off.

"The sergeant said afterwards that we had created a good impression."

Ordinary-Seaman James E. Rowe to his mother at Gwalia, W.A.:

"I AM no longer in my ship. Am in depot in England, and having a spell after seven months at sea. I am on draft to a new ship, but don't know when I will be going to sea again.

"I would rather be at sea. Depots give me a pain, but life here is easier.

"Just had two weeks' leave in London. I went to see everything. Was photographed with the pigeons in Trafalgar Square, also with Madge Elliott and Cyril

Winnie the War Winner



"There are no 18-pounders left, but we can easily make these smaller!"

Ritchard, and Stanley Bruce and his wife at Australia House.

"Gee, Mum, you can't realise how much I miss Jessie and the little fella. I won't be happy until I'm home with them both again. But there's a war on, Mum, and I'm glad to be in it.

"Whatever you do, don't worry about me. I have been with convoys all over the Atlantic from Iceland, Halifax, South America, and South Africa, and it's one big holiday to me.

"And another thing, Mum, don't think for one moment that I'm not getting enough to eat.

"Went to Australia House on leave, and got an issue of comforts, sweaters, socks, scarf, pyjamas, etc., so did pretty well for myself."

Private S. J. Kelly in the Middle East to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Kelly, Bellinger River, North Coast, N.S.W.:

"WHEN I was in hospital (with mumps) I was listening to a London station on the wireless, and heard some of the old songs we have got at home. It made me real lonely.

"Then I nearly jumped out of my skin as the news came on.

"A great-great-grandson of Ned Kelly, Stanley John Kelly, of Bellinger River, has enlisted in the A.I.F.," said the announcer.

"It was the same as was in the paper, Mum, when I first went into camp.

"Stan Rickerby, also of the Bellinger, was in hospital with me, and he laughed and said: 'I didn't expect to hear that over here.'

"Don't worry over me, Mum, as I am well and having a swell time. Cheerio, and a Merry Christmas to you all."

Signalman V. S. Gladman in Syria to his mother, Mrs. M. Gladman, 33 Bowen St., East Prahran, Vic.:

"LAST night I was walking back to barracks with one of the French mechanics, and he asked me to go home with him for a cup of coffee.

"Elie (the Frenchman) introduced me to his mother, father, two sisters, and a brother. I was treated like a prince.

"When I was shepherded into what I took to be a sitting-room I went to sit down, but about six hands grabbed me and pushed me into another room and I was shown to what looked like a big sofa.

"Sat down expecting to sink almost to the floor, but got a shock when I discovered it was a wooden seat covered with heavy carpet stuff.

"The whole family sat in a circle jabbering away in French and Arabic. Then Elie's sister got an idea and flew out to get a table lamp and set it right in front of me and put an ashtray near me. Father came in and offered me a cigarette, and mother was tearing round making coffee.

"The people here have some of the funniest ideas about Australians. Their idea is that an Aussie soldier is always going to war just for the fun of it; also they are surprised to learn that we have parents (that we know) and live with them.

"The biggest surprise they got was to learn that I was married. They didn't think soldiers ever got married."

Sapper J. K. Kuhl in the Middle East to G. N. Laslett, Mt. Gambier, S.A.:

"I HAVE put the name of my pet cow on my steel helmet, so if you ever see a photo in the paper of the 'sick parade,' and one chap has 'Daisy' on his hat—that's me.

"We have had a windy day to-day, and there was quite a lot of dust about. Our meals were: Morning tea, dust; dinner, dust and stew, and tea with mud; afternoon tea, dust and water.

"We are living in a luxurious little dug-out which was here when we came. We have done quite a bit to it, including the interior decorations. All we want is a fly-catcher to bump our heads on occasionally, and we would be set.

"We have a good set of coat-hangers in the wardrobe—nails. The door is beautifully inlaid—an old blanket. The rest of the decorations aren't very outstanding except the flies, and they stand out anywhere, especially on the point of my nose."

Private W. Scott in Syria to Wyn Rosewall, Wedderburn, Vic.:

"THE Salvation Army do a wonderful job over here.

"To-night, the adjutant is out with his mule on which he has rigged up a radio to give us the latest news. He also turns on coffee and biscuits.

"It is mighty acceptable, I can tell you. He cannot get to all companies by motor transport, and we are one of the more or less isolated ones.

"He pays us a visit about every third night. All of our supplies are brought by mule-train.

"It will soon be Christmas again. Last Christmas we had turkey and pork. I wonder what and where we will eat this Christmas dinner!"

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By WEP



FIVE GIRLS . . . AND 5000 FOWLS

"We'll never go back to those indoor jobs"

By CORAL CRAIG

Five girls who do all the work of looking after 5000 fowls on a poultry farm are the best ambassadors I have ever met for a women's land army.

Four of them gave up jobs as typists, tailoresses, shop assistants as part of their war effort. "We thought we could release a few men for war service," they told me.

NOT one of these girls was born "on the land," but they see no reason why this should stop them, or any woman, from learning farm work instead of typing and short-hand.



FOUR of the five feminine poultry farmers show their pets—fluffy yellow ducks and Pluto, an appealing cocker spaniel. From left, Gladys Gill, Betty Dawson, Kath Freil, Lola Field.

"Once you try an outdoors job . . . well, you wouldn't go back to being cooped-up all day indoors," is their unanimous opinion.

They all agree, too, that the reason why there isn't a huge and active women's land army in Australia is that farm and station owners "won't give us the chance to show what we can do."

Their average age is 19. Melbourne-born Gladys Gill, 21, the eldest, says, "It's a great life." And she speaks with experience of several seasons of fruit-picking, pea-picking, dairy farming and wheat farming.

Pretty Lola Field, the baby of the team, aged 17, has the same idea . . . she was a typist at a large city store for a year.

"I couldn't stand being shut in all day," says Lola, "so I jumped at the opportunity of collecting and washing 3000 eggs daily."

Lola's sister, Joyce, a tailoress, also gave up her job when she got the chance of working on the farm.

According to the farm's manager, Mr. J. Coulter, it would be impossible to find a finer team of workers than the girls. He added: "When it becomes necessary to employ more staff I hope I'll be able to find women to take the jobs."

"They get up cheerfully before 6 a.m. and are just as cheerful when they knock off at five. And no one can tell me women can't agree when they live together. They never have an argument."

"I'll bet that no girl working in the city is as healthy as these. You should see what they eat—four eggs for breakfast."

Eighteen-year-old Kath Freil, whose home is near Mildura, Vic., was a children's nurse.

"But it's much more fun wearing shorts all day and looking after fowls. They aren't nearly so temperamental as children," she said.

The "jitterbug" of the team is 17-year-old Betty Dawson.

Tall, slim Betty, her hair fashionably arranged in curls on top of her head, apparently doesn't

give a second thought to carrying a 125lb. bag of "mash" to the feed-mixing room.

"Used to decorate cakes, but it's a sissy sort of job," said Betty. "Find I've got much more energy to go dancing at night after working outdoors all day."

All five look attractively feminine in khaki shorts and shirt, gaily-colored handkerchiefs tied around their heads. Their suntanned faces are devoid of make-up in the daytime.

I asked them if they didn't miss the "city lights," but they said they manage quite well if there is a dance or party they specially want to go to. Two of them ride bicycles in to the local picture show on Friday nights.

"Anyway, this is no time to be mad about parties," was Gladys' comment.

All sleep at the homestead at Blacktown, 20 miles from Sydney, except in hatching time, when the one whose job it is to look after the incubators sleeps in a room adjoining the



"THIS IS HARDER than it looks," says Betty Dawson, as she shoulders a 125lb. bag of mash. Gladys Gill assists.

chirping of 20,000 chickens.

In her bedroom is a bell which rings if the temperature of the incubators varies even half a point.

Three who sleep in one dormitory have nicknames. Gladys is "Roto,"

because she drives the rotary hoe. Betty is "Stacker" . . . she stacks the green feed, and Kath, who looks after the pigs, responds to "Wiggie."

When the knock-off bell rang for lunch—a hearty meal of roast beef, vegetables, and apple pie—we talked about a women's land army.

"Of course there should be one in wartime," they all agreed. "There is very little work on any type of farm or station that a woman who is keen about it couldn't do."

Tents would do

"WE know there are a few specialised jobs which would have to be learnt, and a few physically impossible . . . but apart from those we could do it."

"The main snag against a land army is the men themselves. Most of them have made up their minds that girls can't do the work—and won't even give us a chance."

"They talk about lack of accommodation. Well, why can't they erect tents as the pickers do on the hop fields?"

"Then, of course, some of the wives just won't have women around the place."

Gladys Gill is so indignant that the women's land army in this country is not operating on a large scale that while fruit-picking at Leeton, N.S.W., this year she wrote to a Riverina newspaper about it.

"I can assure country men," she said, "that when they have the pluck to employ us they won't be disappointed with our work."

"I know heaps of girls who watch 'Positions Vacant' columns, hoping for this kind of job . . . but there are seldom any advertisements."

DOING the rounds of the farm on the "Big Dipper," as the girls call the horse and dray. They take all feed to the fowl-yards in this way.



PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★★ UNFINISHED BUSINESS

(Week's Best Release)

Irene Dunne, Robert Montgomery, (Universal.)

IN every woman's life there is some unfinished business, says Irene Dunne in this film, and the unfinished business of Irene's heroine is her romance with Preston Foster, who happens to be her husband's brother.

Irene plays a naive small-town girl who meets wealthy heart-breaker Foster on the train to New York. Just to pass a dull train trip he makes practised love to her, but the romantic girl believes her Great Love has come along. Rebuffed by him when they arrive in the big city, Irene marries his brother, Robert Montgomery, but still finds herself irresistibly drawn to Foster.

It is a singularly appealing, warmly human romance, reinforced by sparkling comedy, which at times reaches the inspirational level. For example: Preston's wily wooing of the gullible Irene on the train.

While the characters are slightly sketchy, the acting is exceptionally fine, particularly that of gifted Irene Dunne, who is more attractive than ever.

And rotund Eugene Pallette has a honey of a role. His squeaky shoes get the roundest laughs of the film. But this show is full of such brilliantly simple touches of humor. —State; showing.

★★★ MAGIC IN MUSIC

Allan Jones, Susanna Foster, (Paramount.)

HIGH in the hills of Michigan, U.S.A., with its tree-fringed lakes, is a famous music school, Interlochen, to which the pick of America's young instrumentalists come every summer for study. Paramount weaves Interlochen and its real-life pupils into the tale of a girl singer (Susanna Foster), whose hard-boiled burlesque experience causes a riot when Interlochen's fictitious head, Allan Jones, introduces her as a pupil.

The film has the splendid singing of Allan and Susanna and glorious instrumental music played by non-acting young people such as Finnish Haimo Haltio and Dolly Fehr. These youngsters take part in the story, too, with complete confidence, and provide a pugnacious young comedian in a violinist called Pat. It is a pity that Paramount's fiction

plot is so trivial. Fascinating to the music-lover, "Magic in Music" is pleasant but familiar as entertainment.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ WILD GEESSE CALLING

Henry Fonda, Joan Bennett, (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

BASED on the Stewart Edward White best-selling novel of the same name, this film is a rather aimless and episodic story of the wanderings of a restless young lumberjack.

Call of adventure takes this young man (Henry Fonda) from a lumber camp to Seattle, and then to Alaska. Along with him goes his wife (Joan Bennett), an ex-waterfront chorus girl who shares the hardships imposed by such a life uncomplainingly.

Henry Fonda, perfectly cast, gives a naive, likeable portrayal. Joan Bennett, however, fails to convince, falling down badly in her emotional scenes. Warren William as Fonda's disreputable pal, and Joan's ex-sweetheart, who almost breaks up her marriage, is fine. The back-grounds are at all times interesting. —Mayfair; showing.



ROSALIND RUSSELL and her new husband, Freddie Brisson, son of the actor Carl Brisson, taken just after their church wedding held in California. Cary Grant was best man.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★ I WAS A PRISONER ON DEVIL'S ISLAND

Sally Eilers, Donald Woods, (Columbia.)

HEAVILY melodramatic, this film offers the eternal triangle, this time set on Devil's Island.

Trio concerned are the young naval officer of a freight steamer (Donald Woods) sentenced to three years on Devil's Island for manslaughter; the crooked prison doctor (Edward G. Robinson), and his unhappy wife (Sally Eilers), who is in love with Donald.

Situations are singularly trite. While serving his sentence, Donald proves himself a hero by getting in medical supplies to prevent a fever epidemic, later stages the ever familiar prison break. Latter scenes, though phoney, are quite the most exciting in the film.—Haymarket-Civic; showing.

Here's hot news from all studios!

CABLED FROM HOLLYWOOD

By Barbara Bouchier, our special representative

THE Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, Mrs. Alice Jackson, who travelled to England with Bundles for Britain, and is now in America on her way home, visited a bazaar organised here by the American Cousins Group.

This is one of the finest Hollywood organisations working for war relief.

Mrs. Jackson expressed her delight at the excellence of the clothing made for the bombed children. She also greeted members of the Anzac Fund, and admired the Anzac stall, which was decorated with Australian posters, boomerangs, toy koalas.

Workers were particularly thrilled when Mrs. Jackson, recounting her experiences in England, told them of what immense value American women's help is to British people in bombed areas.

IT is now extremely likely that

Metro will remake portions of Garbo's "Two-faced Woman." Catholic prelates and the powerful Hearst Press are leading a nationwide protest. Many cities are banning the film. A leading congressman has demanded that the Hays Censorship should end distribution of the film, declaring that it is contrary to that pledge given by movie heads that they would produce nothing offensive to good taste or decency.

THERE are two very unhappy young people in Hollywood today. Jackie Cooper's mother, to whom the nineteen-year-old was devoted, has died here after a year's illness. Edith Fellowes is mourning the death of her grandmother, who brought her up from babyhood.

IT is reported that the British Government intends to investigate the earnings of British players in Hollywood in order to check the extent of their aid in the war effort.

BETTE DAVIS' husband, Arthur Farnsworth, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia in Minneapolis, is now out of hospital and will return to Hollywood and Bette as soon as possible.

BETTE is also thrilled to hear that her young protegee, Richard Travis, has made a splendid recovery from his appendectomy, and is now convalescing in Palm Springs.

IMPRESSED by his work in "Arsenic and Old Lace," the Warner Brothers have signed Raymond Massey to make three pictures a year for them. His first film under this new contract will probably be Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome," in which Massey will repeat his stage performance.

NOW that her husband, Louis Hayward, has returned from his New York trip, Ida Lupino hopes those separation rumors will end. Both stars insist that the rumors are ridiculous.

TO comedian Bob Hope and glamour girl Rita Hayworth go trophies from Hollywood's appreciative news cameramen, who have chosen them the most co-operative stars of 1941. Joan Crawford won the trophy last year.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, born in Hongkong of British parents, is now an American citizen.

BRILLIANT independent producer Frank Capra (of "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" fame) has signed a three-year contract with Twentieth Century-Fox, and for that period will make films exclusively for this studio.

ALICE PAYE, who is expecting a baby, escaped serious injury in her home when her bedjacket caught fire. Her negro maid extinguished the flames. Her husband, Phil Harris, was away from home.

JOAN BLONDELL and husband Dick Powell tell me they have had an offer to tour South America, which they are considering.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Charles Bruno



JOAN LESLIE APPEARS BAREFOOT AS THE MOUNTAIN GIRL BRIDE OF GARY COOPER IN "SERGEANT YORK." SET WAS DRY CLEANED. CAREFULLY SIFTED TO REMOVE NAILS, GLASS, ETC.)

PROUDEST young man in Hollywood is Mickey Rooney. Ace orchestra-leader Paul Whiteman is planning to introduce Mickey's new symphony.

BINNIE BARNES, who has not been at all well lately, is planning to retire from the screen for a few months in an effort to restore her health. She will probably not now take that role in "I Married An Angel," as MGM had hoped.

A BABY girl has been born to Katherine de Mille, Cecil B. de Mille's adopted daughter, and her husband, Anthony Quinn. Pair already have one child.

WARNERS are borrowing Joan Fontaine for the lead opposite Charles Boyer in a remake of Margaret Kennedy's "The Constant Nymph."

MARLENE DIETRICH has been haunting the set ever since Jean Gabin began work on the Twentieth Century-Fox drama, "Montide."

THAT popular slapstick pair, Laurel and Hardy, who have ten films to make for Twentieth Century-Fox, may do some of them in England.

YOUNG mother Ann Shirley has no plans to retire from the screen. She has signed a new contract at more money with RKO.

NEWLYWEDS Rosalind Russell and Freddie Brisson are looking for a farm near Santa Barbara, which they will make their home.

ANNABELLA, who has been yearning to make her screen comeback for some time now, will instead star in the Chicago stage presentation of Noel Coward's latest play, "Blithe Spirit," which is currently playing in London.

THE little-girl pigtails are out. Rosalind Russell and Myrna Loy have set the new fashion pace by adopting short haircuts for their new pictures — a revolutionary change, especially for Roz., who has favored shoulder-length hair-do's.

The Australian Women's Weekly NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

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IN THE

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Single tickets will cost 1/- each.
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Please reserve me tickets in the Dream Home, for which I enclose or will send before January 7th shillings, and/or

Please reserve me book(s) tickets which I will hold in trust until I dispose of them and return you butts & cash.

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★ FEMALE CORRESPONDENT

Herbert Marshall, Gene Reynolds, (Columbia.)

IT is difficult even to imagine that a page boy in the U.S. Senate could pick up national secrets and sell them to a stockbroker, who in turn makes use of them to his own profit. But this is the theme of "Female Correspondent."

The fine work of Gene Reynolds as the page, however, does compensate in some part for the far-fetched story.

The very British Marshall, as an American senator, was a weird choice. Nevertheless, he gives a solid performance.

Virginia Bruce is very pretty as a radio commentator.—Capitol; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Sun Valley Serenade. Sonja Henie. John Payne in enchanting comedy.—Regent; 2nd week.

★★ They Met in Bombay. Rosalind Russell, Clark Gable in enjoyable comedy-adventure. — St. James; 3rd week.

★ Kipps. Michael Redgrave, Diana Wynyard in appealing English drama.—Embassy; 2nd week.

★ New Wine. Ilona Massey, Alan Curtis in tuneful Schubert musical.—Century; 2nd week.

★ Manpower. Marlene Dietrich, Edward G. Robinson in racy melodrama.—Plaza; 3rd week.

★ Rage in Heaven. Robert Montgomery in thrilling drama.—Liberty; 3rd week.

★ Room for Two. Vic Oliver, Frances Day in fair boudoir farce.—Victory; 2nd week.

The Movie World

December 13, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

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Hollywood's 1941 Christmas

• Alice Faye, of Fox, seen entering the door of her home, typifies the spirit of Christmas in the movie colony this year. Barbara Bouchier tells you all about it in her story on the next page.



• Jeanette MacDonald and husband Gene Raymond have as much fun as their youthful guests at their bi-monthly "Date Leaves," open-house for lonely soldiers and sailors.

Gracie will have a real family party

GRACIE FIELDS has arrived back in Hollywood from London and will spend Christmas with her large family, which includes half a dozen adults and four children.

In a simple old Spanish home in Beverly Hills which Gracie bought last year are housed her mother and father, her brother with his wife and little boy Michael, her sister Edith, and Edith's two youngsters, Douglas aged nine and Ursula seven. A few doors up the street live another sister of Gracie's and her son, eighteen-year-old Tony.

"Christmas is a time when everyone should do as he likes," declares Gracie's mother. "We let Dad be comfortable in his shirt-sleeves. Monty (Gracie's husband, Monty Banks) likes to putter about the kitchen making salads and sauces for the dinner—he may even cook the whole dinner this year."

"As for the children, Michael will sing for us—he has a lovely voice."

His grandmother patted the little eight-year-old proudly. Tony, too, will add his share to the festivities by bringing over his music: for Gracie is financing his piano study.



SPECIAL CHEER for the homesick

BRITISH EVACUEE CHILDREN AND R.A.F. CADETS WILL BE GUESTS OF MOVIE TOWN THIS CHRISTMAS

By BARBARA BOURCHIER, in Hollywood

CHRISTMAS is the happiest time of the year for most of us. Around our tables, no matter how humble, are grouped the people we love. In many homes some of the trimmings may be missing this year, but the spirit of reunion is the same.

In California this time of reunion might be sad for many, if it were not for the thoughtfulness of the Hollywood stars. British evacuee children spending their first bewildering Yuletide away from their homes; homesick young R.A.F. trainees and lonely American soldiers assigned to far-distant camps will all have a happier Christmas due to the efforts of the stars.

Of course, Christmas belongs most to the children, and many English youngsters spending their first Christmas in the unfamiliar atmosphere of sunshine and palm trees will find comfort in the kindness and understanding shown them by their new friends.

Among the English children who will have their Christmas in Hollywood this year are 13-year-old Clive Wigram, son of a London physician, who is the guest of his father's good friend, actor Conrad Veidt; and 12-year-old Ann French, daughter of the English director, Herbert French, who will share in the festivities of the Ian Hunter household. Ann's mother was killed in an air-raid shortly after the child arrived in Hollywood, but the kindly Hunter family will take special pains to keep the tragedy from her thoughts during the holiday season.

Patricia Morrison will be kept busy during the holidays providing entertainment for her young cousins Ursula and Dennis Skeats, whom she brought out from England a few months ago.

A quiet home Christmas is scheduled for the three Robert Donat children, Joanna, John and Brian, who have been living recently

in Beverly Hills with their mother. The Donat children were among the lucky ones chosen to speak to friends in England on one of the regular broadcasts for evacuee children a few months ago, and they're hoping they may be able to broadcast again to England during Christmas.

Quietly, and with no publicity at all, the Warner Brothers and several other studio heads have brought to the United States numbers of English children, many of them children of studio representatives in England.

Producer Hal Wallis and his wife, Louise Fazenda, will have their Christmas brightened this year by the presence of a trio of small English boys who are their guests for the duration. All these youngsters will, of course, be royally entertained by their American hosts.

War workers busy

THE several hundred young R.A.F. cadets training in California will not be neglected when Christmas comes to Hollywood. Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward, the Basil Rathbones, and many other British stars are making arrangements to entertain them in relays throughout the holiday season. TABS, the group of British women who sew for England throughout the year, have already been taking good care of the R.A.F. boys, and at Christmas they'll be arranging something very special for them.

With money given him by the TABS, James Hilton has already started a library for the boys at their training station, and Christmas will see many additions to its shelves.

Hollywood's British colony will also be providing a Christmas for the fifty children of the British Actors' Orphanage evacuated to America. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the Ian Hunters, James Hiltons, Nigel Bruce, Aubrey Smith, Basil Rathbone, and a large number of other British Hollywoodites each

pay £170 a year to support each child of the orphanage at a large home in New York.

All the stars are including donations to Bundles for Britain and the British War Relief on their Christmas lists, and most of them are sending British War Relief Yuletide cards—little inexpensive cards bearing greetings and the British War Relief emblem. Money from the sale of these cards, of course, goes to the War Relief.

Preparation of "tuck-boxes" for families in England is keeping many of the Britshers busy. Already parcels with fruit cake, sweets, cheese, dried fruits, and such practical items as tinned butter, sugar, tea, soup cubes, and even onion flakes are en route to England from the British stars in Hollywood.

Parcels for prisoners of war will also be leaving Hollywood by the score, specially prepared by the American Red Cross. Charles Boyer is at the moment making a personal appearance tour to raise funds for parcels for French war prisoners.

The hundreds of young American soldiers training in California camps under the selective service programme will also come in for their share of entertainment from Hollywood. Many stars are planning to invite groups of the boys down from the camps for parties and entertainment in Hollywood. On Christmas Day, Helen Parrish will serve her dinner buffet style to accommodate as many of the soldiers as will fit into her house.

Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond will continue their famous "Date Leaves" for soldiers and sailors "stationed near Hollywood during the Christmas season. Twice a month the Raymonds invite to their home ten young army and navy men from various posts in Southern California, and ten girls chosen by the Deans of Women at two Los Angeles Universities... a "date" for each soldier.

With introductions over the guests swim in the Raymonds' pool, enjoy an outdoor barbecue, and dance, play cards or games until it is time for the boys to return to their camps.

The idea is to help the homesick boys to meet nice girls in real home surroundings, and to give them a day of good, clean fun. The Raymonds are working hard to induce other Hollywoodites to take up the "Date Leave" idea, particularly during the Christmas season.

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OVER THE GARDEN FENCE



Home for Christmas

deed. Iron while slightly damp, using a pressing cloth so the toe of the iron won't catch in the threads.

If ecru lace fades, tint it with tea. About a tablespoonful boiled in a pint of water for five minutes or so will give you a basic tint that you can strengthen or dilute as desired. Just remember that the colour dries lighter. Keep the tinting solution moving to avoid an uneven shade.

HAIR-SPOT MUSLIN AND NET:—Wash as for organdi but allow to dry partly before ironing.

ORGANDI:—Wash these spreads quickly in tepid Persil suds and rinse well. Never hang them out because they become too dry to iron properly, but roll up until ready to press. Make sure you iron until quite dry, otherwise the fabric will go limp.

RAYON SILK AND SATIN:—Use tepid water and, as artificial silk is weaker when wet, handle it as little as possible—let Persil's oxygen-charged suds get out the dirt and then you won't need to rub. After rinsing, squeeze out the water very gently or else place the bedspread in towels—as increased as possible—and roll. If you wring it, even ironing won't entirely take out the wrinkles that form. Never damp down rayon material or it will look spotty. Instead, before it gets bone dry, press on the wrong side, and be sure the iron isn't so hot that it glazes the material. Rayon satin can be finally ironed on the right side if a shining finish is desired.

WASHING BEDSPREADS

LACE:—Soak the spread first in cold water for about an hour to remove the dust. Gather it into a mass and lift into a second tub of cold water. Leave it here while you prepare the suds. Remember, a spread is a big heavy article and takes good thick suds. But if you use the regular amount of Persil (one heaped tablespoon to every gallon of water) you can't go wrong. Never rub lace and never stretch it or put any strain on the threads—just knead and turn about in the water. Rinse first in warm water, followed by several cold rinses. If possible, dry flat, otherwise hang over the line with the weight evenly distributed to prevent it stretching out of shape, as, when wet, lace bedspreads are very heavy in-

*Happy Christmas
to all my friends
of this page
Mary Holiday*

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Mrs. MARY HOLIDAY

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queries, just write to

Mrs. Holiday
Box 773H, G.P.O.
Melbourne



When Father Carves the Christmas Bird

Naturally the head of the house wants to impress the visiting relatives by his prowess with the carvers! But manipulating the Christmas bird with all eyes on him is a really ticklish job! Here's one way even the most inexperienced can manage:



Place the bird's neck to your left and the parson's nose to your right. Fix the fork firmly in the breast while

you cut off each leg, by slicing down and pressing the leg outward with the knife.



To separate the leg and thigh, hold the knuckle bone with the left hand and cut—not at the joint itself but over

that round bone. Slice meat from both thigh and drumstick (unless Junior likes to pick the bone).



With the fork in the breastbone, slice off the wings, "feeling" the joint with the knife till you find the right



place—then it separates easily. Cut a certain amount of breast.

Now slice the breast, cutting downwards, away from the breastbone. Scoop out the seasoning.

Finally, serve everyone with both white and dark meat, and seasoning. ("Oh, nice job, George. You carve extremely well!")



On top of the Hollywood ladder is comedian Red Skelton, just given stardom by MGM and laughter-maker in films like "Whistling in the Dark" and "Lady Be Good."

Mickey Rooney discovered him

RED SKELTON, MGM's new star comedian, was discovered by none other than Mr. Mickey Rooney.

Mickey went to Washington, where, as guest performer at the President's Birthday Ball, he was introduced by Master of Ceremonies Red Skelton. Skelton made his audience laugh until it was too weak to applaud. And Mickey was impressed—in fact, he was so impressed that when he arrived in New York a few days later he could talk of nothing else to MGM executive J. Robert Rubin.

Rubin thereupon sent for Skelton—and Red made a screen test. To-day that test is legend in Hollywood. It runs for 15 minutes. The first day it came from the laboratory the studio projectionist had to run it 16 times for executives who wanted to laugh at it again. Since then, the test has become the studio's favorite short comedy. When someone wants a bit of additional fun for a party, he borrows the film. Important visitors are entertained by showing it. When the boss feels blue, the Skelton test is trotted out to cheer him up.

As for Red himself, he was hurried so quickly into films, notably "Whistling in the Dark," in which he plays lead, and "Lady Be Good," that he has never seen the test yet!

Red came to Hollywood with a unique background. Son of Joseph Skelton, star clown with the Wallace and Hagenback Circus, Red as a small boy wanted to be an animal tamer. When he saw a tiger chase Clyde Beatty during a circus performance he decided on a quieter life, and went back to school—and the part-time job of packing goods in a Vincennes, Indiana, shop.

In this shop Red's line of patter and fast talk entertained his fellow-workers so much that his employer recommended him to the

owner of a visiting Medicine Show. Skelton was invited to join the outfit. He was then just 10 years old. So he worked with the troupe in the summer, going back to school every autumn until he was 14.

From then on, Red's career reads like a chapter from juvenile adventure fiction. He joined a circus. He played on the showboat Cotton Blossoms. He became the youngest comedian in burlesque.

When he was 17 he married the equally youthful Edna Stillwell, the cashier at one of the Pantages Theatres where he appeared. Knowing that Red's business sense was bad, his manager had told Miss Stillwell to pick up and bank the comedian's pay cheque every week. Red's romantic proposal was made in these words: "You're so accustomed to managing my affairs, maybe we'd better make it permanent."

To-day, Edna is still Red's manager—and writer. For comedian's gags are her speciality. When they were first married they went out as a variety team, and when jobs were scarce took posts as M.C. and cashier respectively. They learned what it meant to starve, and what it meant to earn \$114 a week.

From the first day the Skeltons hit Hollywood under his new contract with MGM the pair proved a sensation.

"Where are you going to live?" Red was asked.

"At home," he answered. "Find a house already?" His questioners were amazed.

"I've had it since 1932!" declared Red. "In 1932 the studio made a test of me, and I bought a house in Tarsana. I'm still waiting to see that test, too!"

And Red refuses to be shaken by the fuss over his comedy-talent. "I hope Hollywood likes me," he said. "But if it doesn't, I haven't been eating regularly long enough to notice much difference."

P.S.—Skelton will eat regularly.

Spotlight on White

WHITE HORSES are favourites with Arabs not only because of their speed (an is popularly supposed) but also for their amazing resistance to desert heat.

WHITE FEATHER was originally a sign of friendship and not cowardice as it is commonly thought. In the Indian wars in North America, backwoods Quakers, instead of fleeing from the savages, appeared them with food. The Indian Chief fastened over his door a white feather, symbol of



peace, and the Quaker and his property remained unharmed.

WHITE ELEPHANTS, we've always heard, are unprofitable gifts or purchases. Not so in Ava (Burma), where the white elephant bears the title of "lord" and has a minister of high rank to superintend his household.

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Murder and mystery



1 PRIVATE DETECTIVE SPADE (Humphrey Bogart) accepts request of mystery beauty Brigid (Mary Astor) that he and partner (Cowan) shadow man named Thursby.



2 SWIFT murders of partner and Thursby make police suspect Spade and widow (Gladys George).



4 SAME day, stranger Cairo (Lorre) makes Spade agree to find jewelled falcon.

YOU KNOW THE AUTHOR

DASHIEL HAMMETT, author of "The Thin Man," also wrote another tense and tough detective thriller, "The Maltese Falcon," which was first filmed by Warners in 1931, with Bebe Daniels and Ricardo Cortez. The same studio presents a remake, with Mary Astor and Humphrey Bogart.

This introduces brilliant stage actor Sydney Greenstreet.

Story of "The Maltese Falcon" deals with the efforts of private detective Bogart to link mysterious murders with a stolen statuette of a falcon, carved of solid jewels and worth a fabulous fortune.

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5 ACCEPTING Brigid's offer to help in falcon-search, Spade cynically agrees also to trace jewel for higher bidders, gunman Wilmer (Cook) and Guterman (Greenstreet).



6 DANGEROUS ADVENTURES of Spade take sensational turn when wounded ship's captain, staggering into office, drops dead with bundle containing falcon in his possession.



7 COLD-BLOODED PLOT hatched by Guterman, to quiet police by naming Wilmer the triple-murderer, is discarded when captain's falcon proves plaster fake.



3 TRACKING DOWN Brigid to accuse her, Spade accepts her cry of innocence and her own peril, but forces her to employ him to investigate deaths of both men.

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**RICHARD PAUNCEFOOT
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Pond's "Lips" will break a man's heart in two...but never your own—because Pond's "Lips" stays on much longer. The last sip of coffee, the last dance, the last kiss, the last cigarette, will find your Pond's "Lips" still glowing with irresistible colour. Pond's "Lips" are as glamorous under bright sunlight as electric light, and each shade is blended scientifically to keep its rich colour. Six smart shades to choose from at all chemists and stores.

Pond's Lipstick

FASHION PORTFOLIO

December 13, 1941

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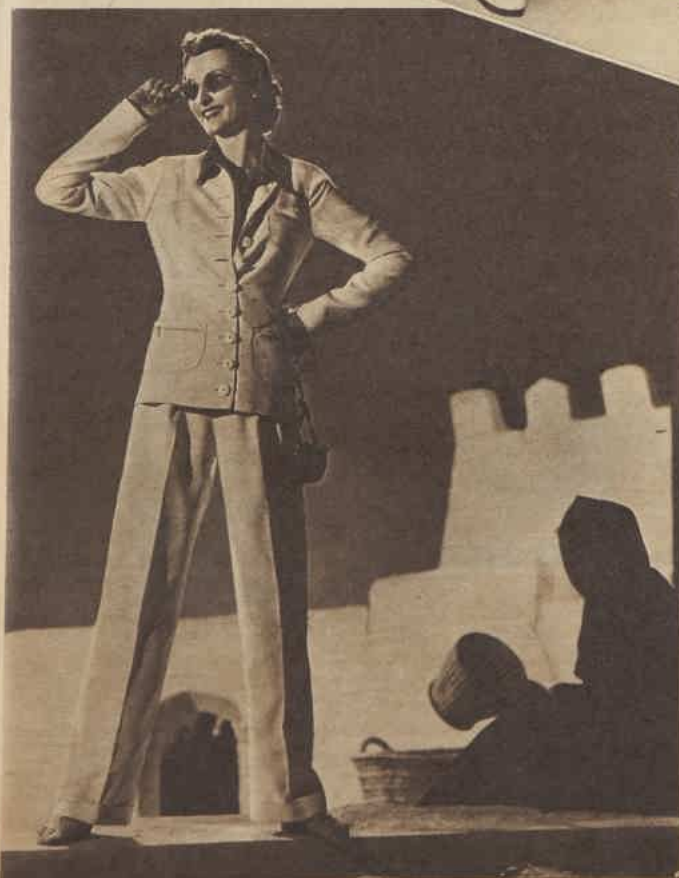
SPORTS GIRL



● Spectator sports style with a swing skirt in navy silk jersey topped by a casual white jersey shirt-b blouse. The wide straw sombrero gives a South American touch.



● A Viking motif, a blue cross on a field of white, is used effectively on this playsuit of white and royal-blue sharkskin. The tailored, long-sleeved shirt also teams with slacks.



● A flattering and briskly tailored outfit for summer yachting. The immaculate shorts, almost to the knees, and the trim jacket are interpreted in bright blue and white striped denim and the boyish shirt is in plain blue cotton. Blue-and-white zipper shoes repeat the color scheme.

● Tailored slacksuit in white Celanese sharkskin with superbly fitting, buttoned jacket worn over a shirt-b blouse of bright red crepe. The zipped pockets and moulded shoulders add further interest.



Always look for the name

MORLEY

**ON UNDERWEAR
AND SLUMBERWEAR**

CHARMING STYLES guaranteed to defeat the heat

• Simple little frock, achieving fullness with deft pleats that are disciplined at the waist with a crushed cummerbund. A yoke of white muslin with a deep, embroidered band and a small saucy hat give a summery look. (Left.)

• Frock of dull black crepe, lime-lighted with a deep, round collar of white organza edged with a frill of white lace. With it a tiny white hat, tied on with veiling and freighted with flowers. (Left.)



• Summer-weight coat of black sheer wool with a fluted peplum breaking the stem-slim silhouette. For final chic, a black glossy felt postillion hat wreathed in veiling.

• Sensational afternoon frock of white silk jersey, cunningly draped to accent the shoulder-line and draw attention to a fragile waist. The flat, white straw sailor sports a filmy veil. (Top centre.)

• Impeccably tailored coat of black wool crepe with wide revers of crisp white pique. The frilly organdie front matches up with the flowers on the minute skull-cap. (Above.)

BONE

Brilliant colors — cool white

• Vivid emerald-green silk crepe for an unusual little frock that features flattering fullness in the skirt and over the bustline. The high neckline is gathered into a drawstring. The hat is white, lightweight felt banded in green. (Left.)

• Pencil-slim frock of heavyweight white crepe splashed with cyclamen, green, blue, and yellow flowers topped with a superbly tailored white jacket and white halo hat. (Left.)

• Over a trim frock of fuchsia-red silk, a tailored white linen coat trimmed with deep folds of the material.

• Black sheer tunic frock with pleated skirt and slender jacket that has a draped yoke. A touch of color is introduced with bright purple, yellow, and green embroidery to match the flowers on the black sailor.

• Deep cyclamen jersey for a draped frock with bracelet-length sleeves and spinning skirt. The high neckline is finished with a crisp collar of white muslin and the cyclamen hat is lined with white.



Reed

DINNER GOWNS

featuring
the covered-up trend

Sketched by
PETROV



• Wide skirt of bright green tulle topped by a Victorian bodice in multi-colored stripes. Red-and-green tulle ruffles for extra glamor. (Left.)

• The slender silhouette and the high roll surplice neckline interpreted in silk jersey in two shades of blue. Metal brocade for girdle. (Above left.)

• Heavy black crepe with the front of the jerkin bodice in bright red embroidered in white wool. Notice the deep-armholed sleeves. (Above centre.)

• Cocoa-brown crepe relieved with a front panel of white for a dinner dress with softly draped shoulders and drawstring neckline. (Above right.)

P E T R O V.

**YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL A RINSO WASH.
THOSE RICHER, THICKER SUDS GET THINGS
SO SPARKLING CLEAN !**

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL !
I NEVER HAD SUCH SNOWY
WHITES TILL I STARTED
USING RINSO

YOU CAN'T BEAT
RINSO ! IT KEEPS COLOURED
PRETTY — SILKS FRESH
AS NEW !

RINSO'S GREAT
FOR WASHING-UP AS WELL.
IT DISSOLVES GREASE
IN A TWINKLING

Rinso
GIVES THICKER,
RICHER SUDS

RINSO IN 2 SIZES
Buy the Giant packet
and save money

A LEVER PRODUCT

Z19.01.



GIFTS OF DISTINCTION

*in attractive packages
at prices for every budget*

Yardley
LONDON



YARDLEY OF LONDON proudly presents for Christmas 1941 a range of Gifts so varied, so attractively packaged, so traditionally Yardley in character and quality you'll surely find the answers to many gift problems among them. These few examples are typical of the choice awaiting you at leading Chemists and fine Stores.

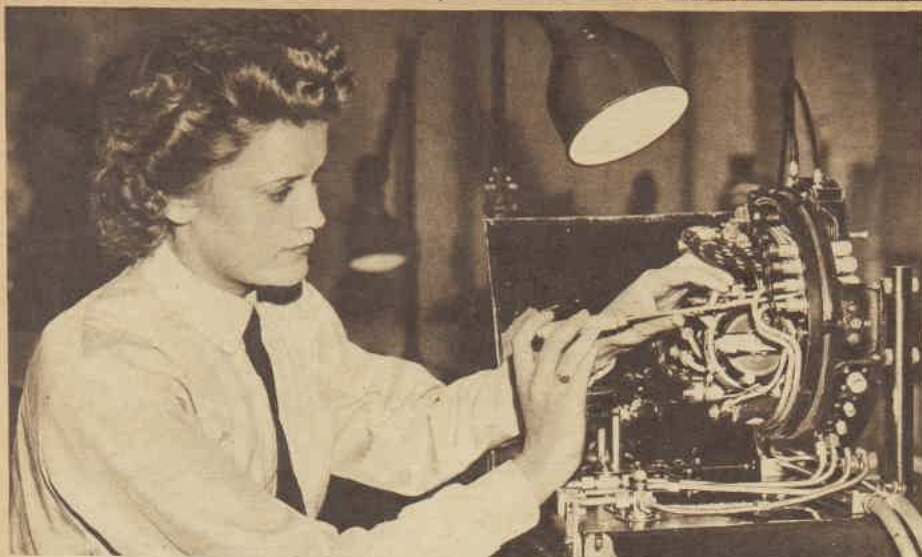
The Items Illustrated

- 1—"Voyager" Set—Lavender Perfume and Smelling Salts.
- 2—"April Violets" Perfume.
- 3—Lavender Perfume—a choice of sizes.
- 4—Lavender Soap—"the luxury soap of the world."
- 5—Lavender Perfume, Soap, Talc, Face Powder.
- 6—Vanity Case, Lavender Perfume, Face Powder and Soap.
- 7—Lavender Perfume, Soap, Talc and Bath Salts.
- 8—Men's Shaving Bowl, Invisible Talc, Fern Soap and Solid Brilliantine.
- 9—Men's Shaving Stick, Fern Soap and Solid Brilliantine.
- 10—Men's Shaving Bowl.
- 11—"Bond Street" Vanity Case.
- 12—"Bond Street" Perfume.



YARDLEY OF LONDON — ESTABLISHED 1770, THE YEAR CAPTAIN COOK LANDED IN AUSTRALIA





MEMBERS of the W.A.A.F. are developing a high degree of technical skill. This mechanic is at work on an automatic pilot, a vital piece of equipment. She was formerly a dancing teacher.



WORK on all kind of machines is being carried out by the W.A.A.F. These girls are proving adept at the task of mounting guns on a Spitfire.

Women now flight-mechanics for Royal Air Force

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in England.

I witnessed a proud and historic moment in the history of women's wartime service at an R.A.F. training school "somewhere in England" when I saw a parade of the first six hundred women to pass out as flight-mechanics in the W.A.A.F.

THEIR intensive training has taken six months, and they are now regarded by the R.A.F. as just as reliable as men. They will service all

kinds of aircraft at the Bomber, Fighter and Coastal Commands.

I stood with the commanding officer and watched column after column of airmen and airwomen

give "eyes right" as they marched past and it was not until the columns were within a few yards of me that I was able to make out which were the women and which were the men.

"Girls march as well as the men—better sometimes," said the officer in charge of their training.

At this school aircraftmen and aircraftwomen are trained together, for the O.C. believes in co-education.

tion. They have worked on Spitfires and Wellingtons, indeed, every kind of aircraft.

I found girls recruited from every walk of life training at this station, and several Australians were, of course, among the first girls to be flight-mechanics. Wherever there is a job to be done Australian girls are sure to be on the spot.

Little Aline Weston, of Manly, N.S.W., answering to the title of aircraftwoman, was receiving the good wishes of her fellow mechanics, for she had just been married to Sergeant Overton. Their wedding was the first of several romances at the school.

"We were married during our week-end leave," she told me.

Aircraftwoman Jean Teiffel, formerly of Melbourne, was on leave so I did not meet her. I did meet, however, the much-travelled and versatile Australian girl, Billie McIvor, of Mascot, N.S.W.

She used to be in charge of one of the shops in the Queen Mary, and goodness knows how many crossings she made.

As she had film ambitions she spent some time in English studios, but war broke out, and the next time we met was when she was driving an ambulance in blitzed East End streets.



MEN AND WOMEN are trained at the same R.A.F. camps. This young couple, Aircraftwoman Quinn and Corporal Bruce, have just been married and with their friends are returning to camp.

She was just out of hospital after suffering from severe wounds from bombing.

She was wearing dark glasses for she had had a narrow escape from total blindness. She is so determined to be back in the front line again that she is doing administrative work during her convalescent period.

Nancy Jupp, another golf champion, wearing the blue trousers and jacket of a flight-mechanic, emerged from a hangar to greet me.

She has a fascinating job of repairing and servicing operational planes.

As I talked to all these brave young women I recalled a letter which an Australian bomber pilot wrote to me. The letter was about them. This is what he said:

"We've some W.A.A.F. recruits drifting around the station now—nice-looking kids, but shy. They wear much the same uniform as ourselves, drive transports, do odd jobs in the office, and this morning a blonde appeared in the mess-room wearing a steward's jacket.

"If this sort of thing goes on we'll have them everywhere—they might even be flight-mechanics.

"It makes me laugh to think of Alice Bloggs and her girl friends crawling all over our aircraft."

Well, it has happened.

And the milliners, manicurists, nursemaids and typists of yesterday are now an integral part of the R.A.F.'s striking force, and are taking on all its responsibilities and a good share of its dangers.

I WORK LIKE A DOG, BUT SUE GETS THE PROMOTION!



HONEST, ELSIE, THAT NEW JOB SHOULD HAVE BEEN A WALK-OVER! I'M NOT SWELL-HEADED BUT I CAN'T THINK WHY THEY PASSED ME BY.



MY DEAR, IT'S NOT ALWAYS THE GIRL WHO'S CAREFUL ABOUT HER WORK, BUT CAREFUL ABOUT PERSONAL FRESHNESS WHO GETS ON... PERSONALLY, I'D NEVER BE WITHOUT LIFEBOUY



THAT HINT WAS PLAIN ENOUGH MAYBE I HAVE BEEN RISKING 'B.O.'—BUT NEVER AGAIN. LIFEBOUY MAKES ME FEEL REFRESHED... CONFIDENT



CONGRATULATE ME DARLING—I'VE GOT A SPECIAL PROMOTION AND A WHOPPING RISE



(THINKS:) SHE'S A DIFFERENT PERSON SINCE USING LIFEBOUY

Don't take chances! Of all popular soaps, Lifebuoy is... THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO PREVENT "B.O."

You'll never climb far up the ladder if you're careless about "B.O." Use Lifebuoy in your daily bath and steer clear of this dangerous career-wrecker! Just make sure it IS Lifebuoy, though—you'll love its mild, refreshing lather. And of all toilet soaps, only Lifebuoy contains the famous health ingredient that ends "B.O."

LIFEBUOY its clean fragrance vanishes... its protection remains



DOCTOR: How is the patient in Ward 8?
NURSE: He's anxious to get home to his wife.
DOCTOR: He's still delirious.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"I'm sure your father will appreciate it, Mopsy, but just what is it?"
"I don't know, but the man swore it was a Christmas present."



BARBER: Haircut, sir?
PROSPECTIVE CUSTOMER: Not now, I just dropped in for an estimate.

A RATION OF FUN



"When she wasn't looking, I kissed her."
"What happened?"
"She refused to look at me for the rest of the evening."

Constipation stopped by a breakfast food!



It takes a breakfast food—not a harsh purgative—to clear up constipation troubles. Harsh purgatives which rely on "shock tactics" to force your system into action, are useless—except as a temporary relief. And even so, they can get you into serious trouble, especially if you're passing through those critical "middle years"—between 35 and 45. Hospital records show that over 75% of cases of a severe type of illness in people over 35 are directly caused by the too-frequent use of harsh laxatives.

Constipation is usually caused by lack of "bulk" in your diet

Our modern staples—bread, meat, fish, eggs, milk—contain very little, or no "bulk" at all. Consequently your intestinal muscles don't get the exercise they need. They become soft,

flabby, and cease to work. When you force them into action with harsh purgatives, you only aggravate the condition.

The safe, natural way to end constipation

There's one safe way to get back to healthy regularity—by eating Kellogg's All-Bran. Two tablespoonsful of this pleasant-tasting cereal every morning (served with milk and sugar) gives your system a full supply of "bulk."

As Kellogg's All-Bran passes into the intestinal tract, it forms a bulky mass, which softens like a sponge. The delicate intestinal muscles are gently massaged so that natural peristaltic action is restored. Within a week you'll be free of constipation, enjoying healthy regularity. So drop those harsh purgatives before more harm is done.

Xtra Special for Xmas Giving

STOP wondering what to give, and decide now to give Platignum Pens. Platignums are priced right at less than 3/-. And they're styled right with smooth-writing "good as gold" nibs, and finished in a wide range of attractive modern colours, and black. Platignum Pens are available everywhere—in city, suburbs and country. They're made in England, and unconditionally guaranteed! Your stationer will replace the pen, free, if you can discover any fault in workmanship or manufacture.



STILL PRICED AT LESS THAN 3!



Platignum

FOUNTAIN PENS

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED... BRITISH MADE

M.O.: Come, come, man, you would not come to me with a complaint like that in civilian life.
PRIVATE: Struth, no Doc! I'd send for you.

BRAINWAVES

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"YES, my boy takes me to the museum every Saturday."
"Really! What is he studying?"
"Economy."

SMALL BOY (to grocer trying to lift bag of sugar): Can I help you, sir?

Grocer: Help? What could you do to help?

Small Boy: I could grunt while you lifted.

TWO men were working high above a busy street, when a bell clanged loudly.

"Ambulance," observed one.
"That's quick work," his mate observed. "I only dropped my hammer three minutes ago."

IT was a hot summer's day and the sergeant was fed up with trying to knock sense into some raw recruits.

In despair he mopped his brow and cursed his awkward squad. "I don't know what to do with you fellows," he said.

One hopeful, with thoughts of a breather in the shade, spoke up. "There are some trees over there, Sergeant."

"Yes, I know," said the sergeant, "but I haven't any rope."

Let us help with your Christmas Presents

Here's the way to solve your Christmas problem

Rising prices... Rising taxes... Are you afraid your budget won't stand buying Xmas gifts this year? Forget your worries for here's your answer:

Obtain your Xmas gifts FREE

by saving coupons from the famous Sanitarium Health Foods (See list below)

All Sanitarium products are genuine tasty Health Foods... foods you need and can use every day of the week. Include as many as possible in your next grocery order. The coupons you collect in one average family-size order is sufficient to start you with enough points to obtain a FREE gift immediately.

No waiting! No tedious saving!

Coupons from any of the 21 Sanitarium Health Foods are interchangeable and combine to secure any gift. You can obtain gifts from as little as 6 points upward, and one coupon may be worth 8 points. You see how speedy it is. Sanitarium Health Foods' is the quickest and most generous free gift scheme operating in Australia.

When you buy Sanitarium Health Foods you buy the purest and best foods obtainable. They are appetizing, tasty, nutritious and inexpensive and must do you good. Help your family to better health and yourself to wonderful FREE Xmas gifts. Start collecting NOW!



Get your free gifts QUICKLY.

The coupons from any of the following Sanitarium Health Foods combine for free gifts.



SAFETY RAZOR and blade.
Pop this in Dad's cabinet.

33 POINTS
Postage, etc. 1d.



GOLLYWOG. Your little girl will love it to cuddle!

67 POINTS
Postage, etc. 5d.



Men's HAIR BRUSH.
Long-lasting bristles.

98 POINTS
Postage, etc. 3d.



Linen GLASS CLOTH. Nice designs Fast colors 22x32

70 POINTS
Postage, etc. 3d.



Ladies' "Dawn" HANDKERCHIEFS. Col'd & White.

87 POINTS
Postage, etc. 3d.



SCOUT KNIFE. Your boy will be proud of this!

41 POINTS
Postage, etc. 3d.

- PEANUT BUTTER
- MARMITE
- WEET-BIX
- BIXIES
- SAN - BRAN
- CERIX PUFFED WHEAT
- GRANOSE
- DIABETIC MEAL
- GRANOLA
- GRAINUT
- GLUTEN MEAL
- DIABETIC ROLLS
- GLUTEN BISCUITS
- NUT MEAT
- PROTOSE
- NUT CHEESE
- CERIX PUFFED RICE
- CORN FLAKES
- KWIC-BRU
- SOYA BEANS
- BAKED BEANS



TABLE TENNIS. Give the family hours of fun.

105 POINTS
Postage, etc. 9d.



Child's TEA SET. 14-piece Duperite-ware.

109 POINTS
Postage, etc. 8d.

WHAT TO DO! All gifts are obtainable at the following addresses:-
SYDNEY 13 Hunter Street. PERTH Sanitarium Health Food Gift Shop, Central A/cde, Hay St.
MELBOURNE York House, Little Collins St. HOBBART 43 Elizabeth Street.
Opp Australia A/cde. Also Sanitarium Health Food Shop & LAUNCESTON 82 Charles Street.
Gift Depot, 791 Bourke Rd. NEWCASTLE 14/15 The Arcade, Newcastle, Camberwell.

If you cannot call, attach your coupons to a small label bearing the following information:- 1. Your name and address in BLOCK letters. 2. Number of coupons enclosed. 3. The article you require (mention three choices in case we should be out of supplies of your first choice). Enclose with stamps to cover freight and packing and post them at letter-rate to the address of the depot nearest to you.

IMPORTANT: Use-time conditions make these offers subject to alteration without notice.

NOTE: This scheme does not operate in South Australia. Write for catalogue of FREE gifts.

1. 63. 3

Sanitarium HEALTH FOODS

Piccaninny legend for Australian children

Durack sisters' charming book

This Christmas will see a boom in sales for children's books by Australian authors.

More Australian writers than ever before are represented in the children's sections of book stores.

Notable among Australian publications is the latest book by Mary and Elizabeth Durack—"The Way of the Whirlwind."

THESE two West Australian girls have already made a niche for themselves with their charming stories and drawings of aborigine children.

Their first book, All-about, was published when Elizabeth, the artist, was only 18, and Mary, the writer, was 20.

The fifth and latest, "The Way of the Whirlwind," is not only the most ambitious work they have produced, but ranks as an achievement in Australian publications.

Elizabeth's lovely paintings and black-and-white sketches illustrate Mary's tale of two piccaninies, Nungaree and Jungaree, in search of their little lost brother, Woogoo, who has been spirited away by the Whirlwind, here-and-there, to the land of Nowhere.

It is a charming fantasy of bush and aborigine lore, peopled with creatures of fact and fancy—Father Bremurer, the rainbow, mother mopoke, brolgas, and crocodiles and flying-foxes.

Bremurer, the rainbow, who lives as a serpent in the river cave, and Bubbu Piebi, the little old man who fishes by night to feed the terrible spirits, belong to aboriginal mythology.

The Duracks, both only in their twenties, have first-hand knowledge of the Australian bush.

Their father, Mr. M. P. Durack, is managing director of Connor, Doherty and Durack, whose properties in the north of West Australia cover eight million acres, an area slightly larger than that of Belgium. They stretch from the Kimberleys to the Northern Territory.

When Mary and Elizabeth left school in Perth they went north and lived with their father and brothers for long periods at Argyle and Ivanhoe.

Now Mary is Mrs. H. C. Miller, of Perth, and Elizabeth, Mrs. Frank Clancy, lives in Sydney.

At first we only went north for



"JUNGAREE and Nungaree knew it was the tip of the nose of a crocodile"—one of the lovely color illustrations from "The Way of the Whirlwind."

a few months," said Elizabeth Durack, "as we have a home in Perth, where our mother lives.

"We loved the life so much that we stayed longer and longer. When we first went north there was no airmail service. We travelled to Wyndham by boat, a fortnight's journey, and at one time we were four months at the homestead without seeing another white person.

"Mary and I had been writing and sketching ever since we were tiny.

"The children of the blacks who worked on the station appealed to us as material.

I began to sketch them, and my sketchbook was an endless delight to the piccaninies. They would turn it over for hours, laughing delightedly at the pictures of themselves."

Among other new Australian books this Christmas for children is "The Adventures of Cuthbert Caterpillar and Wilfred Wasp," written and illustrated by D. H. Gilmore. These two engaging characters are portrayed in color and black and white with their companions, Willy Waterbeetle, Mrs. Honeybee, and P. C. Stagbeetle.

Two new boys' books are "White Magic," adventures in New Guinea, by Fred Coleman, and "Ion Idriess' latest, "Nemarluk."

"Nemarluk" is a life story of an aborigine chief in the Northern Territory.

Gladys Lister, whose books for younger children have been appearing annually for some years past, has written a book for older girls, "Jennifer Stands By," and Pixie O'Harris is represented by "The Fortunes of Poppy Treloar."

All the schoolgirls who have been bemoaning the shortage of Mary Grant Bruce books because of the bombing of her English publishing house, Ward Lock and Co., will be glad to hear that Angus and Robertson have published a new one of hers, "Karalta."

"The Way of the Whirlwind," by Mary and Elizabeth Durack. Published by Consolidated Press.

"Adventures of Cuthbert Caterpillar and Wilfred Wasp," by D. H. Gilmore, Marchant and Co., Sydney. Our copy from the publishers.

"Nemarluk," by Ion Idriess; "White Magic," by Fred Coleman; "The Fortunes of Poppy Treloar," by Pixie O'Harris; "Jennifer Stands By," by Gladys Lister; "Karalta," by Mary Grant Bruce. (Angus and Robertson).



ELIZABETH DURACK, artist of the two Durack sisters, at work on her illustrations.

Give Kayser Get Kissed!

SPREAD CHRISTMAS
SUNSHINE WITH
GIFTS BY
KAYSER

For a smile and a "Thank-you" that she really means give her what she really wants! Just remember she's definitely a one-brand woman and choose her own favourites—Stockings, Lingerie or Gloves by Kayser!

GIVE KAYSER HOSIERY—LINGERIE—GLOVES THIS XMAS

FUN FOR BOYS and GIRLS ON HOLIDAYS

Buy **MANDRAKE** Book No. 2 on sale all newsagents 6d.

Simple Way To Lift Corns Right Out

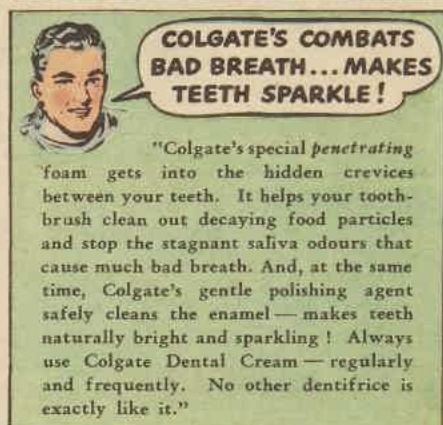
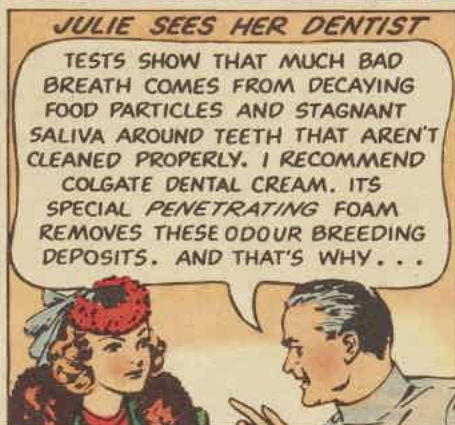
No excuse for Cutting Corns

Tender corns, tough corns, or soft corns can now be safely lifted out with the finger-tips, thanks to Frosol-Ice, says grateful user.

Only a few drops of Frosol-Ice, the new-type antiseptic treatment, which you can get from any chemist or store, is ample to free one's feet from every corn or callus without hurting. This wonderful and safe remover stops pain instantly, and does not spread on to surrounding healthy tissue. Frosol-Ice is a boon to corn-burdened men and women.

SHE VAMPED THE BOSS

BUT LOST HER JOB !



LATER—
THANKS
TO
COLGATE
DENTAL
CREAM



Compare the size of the Colgate tube (not the carton) with others. This will prove that Colgate Dental Cream gives you the best value.

6"
MEDIUM SIZE
LARGE 1 1/3 SIZE
GIANT 2" SIZE
twice as much
as 1/3 size

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM,
TWICE A DAY,
WILL HELP YOU KEEP
BAD BREATH AWAY !



NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE !

On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

Icing sheep . . .

NO superstitions for Betty Coffill . . . engaged to Robert Roberts on September 13, wedding date this Saturday, December 13. Evening ceremony at St. Mark's.

Betty is wearing full bridal array and two Limerick lace veils—one worn by her mother and the other lent by twelve-year-old Tealie Mooney, of The Ranch, Condobolin. Sent to Tealie from Ireland.

Retinue of attendants (all to be dressed alike) are sister Ailsa, cousin Averil Osborne, Mrs. Laurel Besomo, and Mrs. Harry Jeanneret. Bride's uncle, Lieut.-Commander Harry Osborne, to give her away.

Novel decorations for cake . . . tiny sheep, a sheepdog, and wheat, all made of icing. Reception at Rose Bay home, Hakone, Kent Road.

Rob and Betty will live at former's country property, Wilga Hill, Condobolin, and will start building new home there after Christmas.

They catch the eye . . .

"AMERICAN flag" ensemble of vivid red skirt, white blouse, and bright blue jacket trimmed with gold eagle buttons (replica of U.S. Navy buttons) worn by Mrs. Norman Bowden, Michigan University graduate, now living in Sydney.

Silver kid trimming outlining jacket of Marion Roach's black net dinner frock.

Long-distance . . .

CELEBRATIONS at Edgecliff home of Mr. T. S. Ayrton coincide with exact time of marriage of daughter Joan and Peter Fry at Brompton Parish Church, Knightsbridge.

Promptly at 9 p.m. (noon in London) gramophone record of wedding march is played and miniature replica of Joan's wedding cake (which she took with her from Sydney to London, forestalling ration and coupon difficulties!) is cut.

Best man is Peter's cousin, Lieutenant Anthony Heywood, Coldstream Guards, and reception is at Rembrandt Hotel . . . where 20 cables from Australia send congratulations to the newly marrieds.

Joan left here in September with aunt, Miss Hilda Ayrton, arriving in England month before wedding . . . will live at Beckenham, Kent, after honeymoon in Bournemouth . . . lovely bridal frock of ice-blue moire and matching veil among precious possessions taken on sea voyage.

Champagne cocktails . . .

TICKET-SELLERS for Christmas tree presents at Cracker Champagne Cocktail party, Retford Hall, have easy job . . . feminine party-goers anxious to win model hats temptingly displayed in cellophane wrappers, eau-de-Cologne, French perfume, hams, or cakes.

Interest centres on 10ft. Christmas tree and six smaller trees surrounding it (Mrs. H. D. O'Connell's donation to party). Decorations entirely Yuletide . . . Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children benefits from proceeds.

Messrs. Jimmy Bancks, Chic Bouvet, and Roy Buckland take charge of games, and Brian Lawrence provides soft music.

Committee members arranging party include Mrs. Donald Mackay, Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, Kath Clayton, Heather MacLeod, Mary Aldworth, Annette and Elizabeth Thompson, Nancy Baldick, Roslyn Dangar, Eve Playfair, and June Bracken . . . latter makes quaint necklaces to help load tree.

Antique jewels . . .

"PRICES to suit all pockets, from 2/6 to 25 guineas," says Mrs. Victor White of her gift shop, open this week at 36 Castlereagh Street . . . proceeds in aid of Red Cross Dream Home for Prisoners of War Appeal.

With help of Enid Curtiss, Mrs. White has been busy past few months collecting antique and paste jewellery from numerous friends, and making attractive velvet-lined cases for same.

Lady Fairfax has given some lovely fans, and all kinds of gifts are offered for sale.

To and fro . . .

THE Peter Pooles, of Colomendy, Armidale, have taken a flat at Park Lane Mansions, and will be down this month to spend Christmas with schoolboy son, Adrian, and daughter, Bronwyn, who has been staying with grandmother, Lady Knox, at Woollahra.

Rua Robertson leaves day before term ends at Hopewood House to spend holidays at family property, Toganmain, Hay . . . hopes to see sister-in-law, Dorothy Robertson, and small nephew, John Scott R., who have been staying at Narrandera.

Hawaiian party . . .

EXPERT at classifying salvage are lasses of the Lord Mayor's Younger Set, who meet every Tuesday and Thursday to do this work, recently handed over to them by the Government . . . "More work," they agree, "but also more money for our funds."

In between sorting milk bottle tops, cigarette paper, and the like, they are busy arranging Hawaiian cocktail party at Romano's on December 23.

Long-sleeved white blouses and skirts (plus island-style flower in hair) will be worn by committee members Mesdames Keith Phillips, Paddy Griffin, Alan Toohey, president Eve Sheedy, Ruth Walker, and Dorothy Sheedy.

Paper berets . . .

BERETS of brown paper, imitating the Armored Regiment headgear, will replace jazz caps of pre-war days at the Cruiser Tank Ball, Farmer's Oak Hall, on December 18.

Funds are for the Regimental and Sergeants' Fund, and Sheila Plater acts on instructions from sergeant husband to find willing band of helpers to organise dance.

Hastily summoned committee includes Mesdames Syd Croll, Bill Harvey, Paddy Griffin, Frank Ruwald, Alex Howarth, and Eve Sheedy.

Heard around town . . .

LATEST group of lasses to pay weekly visits to Y.W.C.A. and study work done by association includes Lorna MacSmith, Barbara Terrey, Jane Woodhill, Margery Spier, Yvonne du Boise, Mabel King, Barbara Lee, and Mrs. Cecily Dyson.

Dr. Eric Susman, R.A.N., has luncheon party at Romano's each week as host to four or five wives of his friends who are overseas.

And seen . . .

DINING and dancing again at Prince's . . . Melbourne's Betty Ince and Tom Field.



• FLYING-OFFICER KENNY HORN, R.A.A.F., of Sydney, with fiancée Rosemary Brooks, Backland Park, S.A., photographed in Adelaide when they announced their engagement.



• JUBILEE TOAST. Mesdames Bill Wood and Harold Dew at University Settlement 50th anniversary party.



• LEAVING St. Philip's Church after Grant-Bubb wedding, best man, Flight-Lieut. Blake Pelly, and matron of honor, Mrs. Clinton Ayers.



• EX-STUDENT Bettina McPhillamy (left) and Virginia Heath with programmes of Hopewood House end-of-term orations contest.



• FROM BEACH TO BALLET. Loris and Moya Barnes come up from Palm Beach to be present at Minerva Theatre.



• WORKING HARD for Bundles for Britain Christmas party. Mesdames John Branton and Jim Vicars nearly lost among gifts and packages.



• MORNING TEA MEETING, social committee of Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institution. Mrs. John Bovill pours out tea for Shirley Poynter.



• AT CHRISTMAS REVEL, Prince's, for R.S.P.C.A. Margot Hart sells lucky ticket to Jean Richards (right).

WHAT'S the ANSWER

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS.

- 1—First let us join in loyal greetings to our King, whose birthday falls on Sunday, December 14. King George VI came to the throne in December 1935 — 1936 — 1937 — 1938.
- 2—It's a week of momentous anniversaries, for it was on December 12 last year that British forces captured Sidi Barrani — Sollum — Bardia — Tobruk — Benghazi.
- 3—Quite time, too, with December moving on, that we brushed up our Christmas carols. As an easy start, supply the line which follows:
"Good King Wenceslas looked out—"
- 4—Only one of these poets was Poet Laureate
Keats — Shelley — Milton — Wordsworth — Pope.
- 5—Among Australia's quaint inhabitants we meet the echidna—a sort of
Beetle — crane — hedgehog — anteater — spiny lizard.
- 6—A bevel edge is
Sloped — serrated — curved — finely grooved.
- 7—No excuse at all for not having checked up that Sidi Rezegh, centre of desperate fighting in our North African campaign, lies
Between Sollum and Bardia — midway between Jarabub and El Aghella — due south of Bardia — south-east of Tobruk.
- 8—And remember, when planning your Christmas menus, that mince pies are actually
Savory — sweet — a small relish — a kind of kedgeres.

Answers on page 36

From This Day Forward

Continued from page 8

WHEN you first kissed me, last March, it was quite different, and because there had never been anything like it for me it must be real, it must be you.

Last night mother talked to me before I went to sleep. She said that I was modern, I was of this generation, and knew all the answers—theoretically.

She said that marriage was difficult, I would have to make a great many adjustments, but that because I loved you I would make them quite easily. And that, because you were right for me and loved me, you would help me.

I've seen so many — girls older than I who have been married a few years. There are divorces or patched-up marriages. There are horrid rumors.

And the world's such a mess. War and death and terrible things. Before you registered for the draft you wanted to volunteer. We hadn't met then. But your mother wasn't well, she asked you not to; and then, when we fell in love, you didn't want to leave me any sooner than you had to, you said.

Your number's a long way off, but it will come and I'll be alone, unless they defer you, for a long time.

It isn't that, though. I wish I could make you see. What we have is so very wonderful. I mean, when we look at each other and there's that magic between us. It will go — everyone says it must, that something better takes its place. Could anything be better?

I can't face the thought that it might be wrong and that there would be perhaps forty, even fifty years ahead of boredom and reproach, of nagging and bickering.

There's another thing. Suppose we haven't forty or fifty years? Suppose one of us —

If we were married, and things were as right as I've dreamed they'd be, and anything happened to you?

Or if something happened to me, if I had to leave you?

When I think of these things, and now when I'm trying to write them, I am sure that I love you. I just put down the pen and thought if I didn't love you would I feel like this, just imagining, all hollow and empty and dreadfully frightened?

How are people sure? I was quite sure about Alan for a little while. I was sure about Tom during the moment he kissed me. When I was fourteen I thought that if I didn't grow up and marry Billy Reid — he was sixteen then — I'd die. That's how sure I was.

So I can't marry you, John, because I'm not sure. And I have to be. If I don't love you enough for that — not to spoil your life —

I don't know what I'm going to do. I'm going out now, to find some way to get this to the inn. I'll tell mother and father. I can't run away and let them face it alone. Afterward maybe they'll take me away somewhere.

I won't ask you to forgive me.

Her fingers were cramped. She laid down the pen and clenched and unclenched them. She sealed the letter and thought, I'll find Lem, he'll be here early, he will take it to the inn.

New light beat against the curtains. Lydia turned out the desk lamp, drew the curtains and opened the window. The day was pale gold. She dressed, took the letter and went softly from the room.

THE stairs squeaked; she held her breath. The house was polished from top to toe. This was Wednesday, the eleventh of June.

Lem was not in the garden, so Lydia went across the lawn to the water. She would sit there a while in the sun and wait until she believed Lem had come. Buried in thought, she walked across the sand, but was startled from her reverie by the sound of John's voice.

He was sitting on the rocks smoking a pipe. Lydia clutched the envelope. John was on his feet, he was steady, he was his own man, his heart in the early sunlight, his lips were on her hair, on her mouth.

"Sit down. Sorry I haven't a coat."

She said, "I didn't expect—that is—"

John said, "I couldn't sleep. I had a terrible night, so I went for a walk. I suppose I came here without volition. My feet know the way." He grinned, looking a little drawn in the sunshine, his blue eyes tired. "I sneaked in across the orchard way to the beach and walked up. I've been here since sunrise."

"I slept until a while ago."

"What's that in your hand?" he suddenly asked accusingly.

Now was the time—give him the letter. Better still, just say, looking at him, honest, unmarred by cowardice, "It was for you. But I'll tell you what's in it." She couldn't speak except to say, flushing, "It's nothing. I mean—"

He put his arm around her. He asked, after a moment, "Lydia, are you scared?"

The envelope slid to the sand. She did not answer for a moment. The magic, the new-old magic in his touch, in his strength, in the awareness of his nearness—She said, "Terribly."

"So am I." He laughed, knocked out his pipe, put it down beside him. "I've been fighting devils all night."

"What devils?"

"Oh, can I make you happy, will things be right with us? Lydia, can't you see? A man doesn't think beyond falling in love, that's all. He doesn't think ahead to responsibility, to the things which might happen. All I thought, last night—if you grew tired of me, if anything happened to you—The arm tightened. "Or to me. And you're nineteen. Lydia, I'm ten years older. That's a lot of years. You're nothing but a kid."

"I kept thinking, 'Will I be kind enough, gentle enough? Will I frighten her, will she hate me?' And the other things—Money and war and—"

She said clearly, "And you weren't sure that you were sure?"

"No," he said, "I wasn't. And I got to thinking about being free." She whispered, "That's something I never thought about. John, perhaps most girls don't want to be free. Perhaps—"

"Then you did think?" She nodded. She said, "I thought about—not being sure."

He said, "I was walking to think things through, because I was scared. Because I wanted to run away. Because I was so frightened I—"

"You were going to ask me to let you go?"

"How do you know?" She touched the envelope. She said, "I was going to ask you, in this letter. I was going to find Lem and—"

He said, "I wrote you last night. It's back at the inn, that letter." He looked at her and began to laugh, and presently she laughed with him.

"When I saw you—" he said.

"When I saw you—" she said.

"Darling, you're sure?" he asked.

They were silent for a moment and then he said quietly: "Darling, it won't all be easy. There will be hard times, tough times. We'll hurt each other. We'll be angry and sorry and bewildered. But we'll be together. We'll be sure. We'll love each other. And we can take it."

"Of course . . . John, if they miss me from the house? I'm supposed to be asleep. Breakfast in bed."

He rose, pulled her up, and held her in his arms. He said, "Happy the bride the sun shines on, Lydia." She asked wonderingly, "What makes us so sure, now? John, I'm glad you weren't."

"You should be furious, hate me."

"We were fools," she said, "I wonder if anyone has ever—"

"Of course not," he said. "It was—don't you see it now? I do—it was because we loved each other so much that we were afraid, not because we didn't love enough."

They started back towards the house. Lem, in the garden, watched

Animal Antics



"What's good for fallen arches?"

them approaching, hand in hand. Mrs. Weston, in Lydia's empty room, looked out and saw them. She opened the door and called her husband.

"Look," she said.

"What in the world—" he began.

Lydia's mother smiled. She said, "I wonder if they had stage fright. Do you remember, David, the night before our wedding?"

"We quarrelled," he said.

"We broke it off."

"We were scared. But next day

Mrs. Weston smiled. She leaned from the window and called, "Lydia! John! Come in and have some breakfast, but don't wake up the rest of the household." She thought, turning away, how young they are, how confident, how sure!

(Copyright)

Ton Christmas cake for soldiers' kiddies

Thousand to enjoy unique treat

Pianos, radio sets, gramophones, furniture, books, sewing-machines, musical instruments, electric irons—these are but a few of the things that the Army needs to-day for its camps and recreation huts.

And, thanks to Frank Grose (Uncle Frank of 2GB), these things are being provided for the asking.

WEEK by week Frank Grose, in conjunction with the Australian Legion, takes a concert party to one or other of the camps. Some time during or after the concert someone will say: "We badly need this . . . or that."

The result is that whether the boys or their officers want a player-piano or a photograph of the King they receive it through the appeal of Uncle Frank and the generosity of 2GB listeners.

The medium for these appeals is two half-hour sessions with appeals mainly to young listeners. These are "The Cheer-Up Session," broadcast at 5.30 p.m. on Saturday, and the Radio Sunday School broadcast on Sundays at 5 p.m.

Toys wanted

THE first features the choirs from various schools and convents; the second choirs from the various Sunday schools. But so wide is the audience that frequently the answer to an appeal will come from a well-known business man, speaking on behalf of his firm.

Providing these comforts for military camp units in no way exhausts the work of Frank Grose and the 2GB Community Chest. Long before the war started the chest was distributing 40,000 garments a year to the poor and needy. It is the largest distributing centre for invalid chairs in New South Wales. For the British bomb victims it has provided clothing valued at more than £1000.

Yet another activity of the chest is the 2GB Christmas party for 1000 children of the men of the A.I.F. This will be held on December 22, at Taronga Park, free entrance to

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from

4.30 to

5 p.m.



WEDNESDAY, December 10.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reece—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, December 11.—Goodie Reece in Tales from the Talkies.

FRIDAY, December 12.—Musical Alphabet.

SATURDAY, December 13.—Goodie Reece presents "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, December 14.—Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, December 15.—With the A.I.F. Overseas.

TUESDAY, December 16.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reece in Gems of Melody and Thought.

which has been donated by the trust.

Children will be conveyed by the Showboat, which has been put at the disposal of 2GB for the day. There will be a one-ton Christmas cake (a gift from a Sydney hotel), while 1000 blocks of ice-cream, 1000 blocks of chocolate, a plentiful supply of soft drinks, and a mammoth Christmas stocking have also been donated.

The urgent need now is for toys so that not one of the little guests will feel that Santa Claus has neglected him or her. Already the 2GB Radio Reporters have gathered many hundreds of toys for the children, but still more are needed.

So Frank Grose again asks his listeners to come to his rescue.

The Biggest Programme Event of the Year!

2GB

announces a new

THURSDAY NIGHT at 8

Programme

which will set all Australia talking

(commencing Dec. 18)

On Sunday Night at 8

(as from Dec. 21)

2GB will commence a new series of the finest 1-Hour Plays on the Air, including world-famous successes never previously available for broadcasting in Australia.

Christmas Works Magic

Continued from page 7

THE magic banjo played, and Emmy raised her sweet, frail soprano in song. It wasn't part of the act, but there she was, melting the hearts of all who listened with the lovely words and music of Stephen Foster.

"I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Borne, like a vapor, on the summer air;
I see her tripping, where the bright streams play . . ."

Craig's arms went suddenly about his wife, and she was laughing and crying and clinging to him, and the servants at last pulled their glances away, and Sarah, who believed in being practical, set the big coffee-pot on the stove.

Mrs. Craig drew herself from her husband's embrace. "I'm sorry to have— But don't you think, everybody, that Christmas Eve is a very emotional night?"

"Oh, I'm glad you mentioned it. I'd nearly forgotten it was Christmas Eve." And Eric Craig brought forth two jeweller's boxes for his wife and daughter, and three sealed envelopes for his servants.

"I've got something for you, too, Daddy," Marjory dashed away to get her father's present, and Mrs. Craig went and fetched a package which she handed to her husband. "For me?" he asked wonderingly. She smiled. "On condition that I didn't have to mail it."

All about Emmy and Ray, the Craigs and their servants stood opening their presents. A strange, lost feeling gripped the owners of the magic banjo.

Then Mrs. Craig was standing before them with two gay boxes.

"Please take them, and a merry Christmas to you."

"But—"

"I want everyone to have something to-night. These were meant for someone else, of course, but I'll give them something of mine. Please take them."

Ray and Emmy had no wish to crush her kindness with silly argument. So they, too, had their packages to open on that Christmas Eve.

Katherine and Sarah had produced more food and were making for the dining-room with it when Eric Craig said, "Let's all have coffee together right here."

And over the coffee, Sarah saw that it was twelve o'clock and that it was Christmas morning, and Mr. Craig got to his feet and said, "God bless us—every one." And then he sang, as Emmy had known he would sing when he was happy. He sang, "Come, All Ye Faithful," and beckoned to Emmy to sing with him.

"I guess," Ray said when the song had finished, "we ought to be—"

Mrs. Craig shook her head. "You can't go. You didn't finish your act. You'll have to do it for us to-morrow."

"Oh," said Emmy, "but—"

"Mother said you were to stay," said Marjory.

"And so did Father," Eric Craig put in.

It was a guest-room such as Emmy had read about in advertisements.

"Oh, Ray," she breathed as she snuggled down in one of Mrs. Craig's nightgowns, "isn't this all too wonderful?"

"It sure is, honey."

"I wonder if you think so. Every once in a while a peculiar look comes on your face, as though something bothered you."

"Well, I guess it can wait."

She sat up. "Ray, tell me this minute!"

"All right. Look, kid; you haven't slipped up on that code since the time we played Schenectady, and to-night for no reason at all . . . Oh, Emmy, he didn't ask for 'Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair.' He wanted 'Short'n' Bread.'"

Emmy laughed. "I know it, Ray. But I just tried out a little real telepathy."

"What do you mean?"

"He's a concert singer. Her name is Jean, and she's got the most beautiful light brown hair any woman ever had. Now, what do you suppose was their courting song? Well, that's what I supposed, too. Good night. Merry Christmas, darling."

(Copyright)

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, is attempting to break up the Octopus Ring which is stealing Government plans. **KARL:** A trusted employee of an aeroplane factory, has been discovered copying a useless plan. This has been got away from the factory and deposited at a house where an unseen person attaches it to a pigeon which is immediately released. Investigating the grounds, Mandrake is held up by an armed servant, but, by means of hypnotism, induces him to admit him to the spies' lair. There he meets the **MISTRESS:** An attractive young woman and, again by hypnotism, presents himself as a vacuum-cleaner salesman. NOW READ ON:

BUT--BUT--I DON'T WANT A VACUUM-CLEANER--

BUT YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ONE LIKE THIS--ALL YOU DO IS PRESS THE BUTTON--

AND IT WORKS BY ITSELF--

YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO TOUCH IT. WHEN IT'S FINISHED WITH ONE ROOM, IT GOES TO THE NEXT ROOM--

IT EVEN CLEANS THE WALLS!

WHEN THE DOWNSTAIRS IS FINISHED-- IT GOES UPSTAIRS BY ITSELF-- CLEANING AS IT GOES--

WELL--I NEVER--!

WHEN IT COMES TO A CLOSED DOOR-- IT PUSHES IT OPEN-- REALLY A REMARKABLE VACUUM-CLEANER.

NO--NOT IN THERE--!

IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO THE VACUUM WHICH ROOM IT GOES TO--ah--I SEE YOU KEEP PIGEONS. THEY MAKE NICE PETS.

YES, NICE PETS.

I LIKE PIGEONS. THEY'RE SUCH FRIENDLY BIRDS. USEFUL, TOO.

YES, AREN'T THEY? NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND--

YES, THAT WAS AN ESPECIALLY NICE PIGEON.

BUT--WHERE DID IT GO--?

MANDRAKE BRUSHES HIS HANDS QUICKLY-- THE PIGEON VANISHES--

BUT THERE WERE TWO PIGEONS IN THAT BOX!

YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN, MISS. AS YOU CAN SEE, THERE'S ONLY ONE.

AND NOW--I'M AFRAID I'VE TAKEN ENOUGH OF YOUR TIME--

BUT I THOUGHT THERE WERE TWO--

I MUST GO NOW. THANKS FOR YOUR COURTESY. I'LL LEAVE THE VACUUM-CLEANER WITH YOU, SO YOU CAN TRY IT OUT.

THANK--YOU--

I WAS POSITIVE THERE WERE TWO PIGEONS IN THAT BOX--

THERE WERE! HE STOLE ONE OF THEM! I TOLD YOU HE WAS A COPPER. THIS MEANS TROUBLE!

BUT I TELL YOU HE WAS A SALESMAN! HE EVEN LEFT THAT AMAZING VACUUM-CLEANER HERE FOR ME TO TRY--

YEAH--WHERE IS IT?

HE LEFT IT RIGHT THERE BY THAT TABLE--OH--IT'S TURNED INTO A--STICK--

TO BE CONTINUED

MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 On sale at all newsagents Price 6d

OVER her strawberry ice the girl said: "No, but seriously, what do you do when you aren't flying?"

He said: "I build ships."

She laughed again. "No—seriously."

"Honestly, that's what I do. I'm making a galleon."

"Like what you buy in shops, in bits to put together?"

"That's right."

Her mind switched off at a tangent. "Wasn't it terrible about them people in that ship to-day?"

His mind moved quickly. There had been no mention of the loss of the Lochentia in the evening paper. He said innocently: "What ship was that?"

She said, wide-eyed: "The one you were talking about in the bar. You know."

He said: "I never talk of naval matters in a bar. It tells you not to on the poster."

She said: "Don't talk so soft. You were talking to the officers off the trawlers all about it, the ones that picked the people up out of the water."

He said: "I knew you were a spy right from the first. The next thing is, I threaten to denounce you to the police unless you let me have my way with you."

She said: "If you're going to talk like that, I'm going home."

He said penitently: "I'm sorry. I was only going by the books."

"Well, don't be so awful."

"Did you hear all that we were saying?"

She said: "Not all of it, because of turning round to get the things from the shelves. But you'd be surprised if you knew what we got to know behind the bar."

He nodded, serious for a moment. When old friends in the service meet for a short drink and a meal, not all the posters in the world will stop a few discreet exchanges on the subject of their work. Leaning upon the bar, they say these things in low tones to each other, so low that nobody can hear except the barmaid at their elbow.

He said: "Let's go and dance again."

They went out for a waltz. He was not a bad dancer. She was very good.

Presently they went and sat down again for a time. He lit a cigarette for her, and said: "Tell me what you've done to-day."

"Did the shopping for Mother before going to the snack-bar. We open at twelve-thirty, you know. Then in the afternoon I had my hair done and went home for tea."

"And back to work again."

"That's right. What did you do?"

He considered. "Did a spot of flying. Just scraped clear of a blazing row."

"What about?"

"Only something to do with the work. Then I worked on the galleon for a bit."

"How big is it?"

He showed her with his hands. "About like that."

"What are you going to call it when it's done?"

"Mona."

She was pleased. "You do talk soft—really you do. What else did you do after that?"

"After that? I—oh, yes—I came into Southsea and bought a rabbit."

She stared at him in amazement. "A rabbit? Whatever are you going to do with that?" And then she said: "You're just kidding again."

"You hurt me very much when you say that. He turned and rummaged in the pocket of his long blue overcoat. "You don't deserve to see it."

He pulled out the carton. She bent across the table curiously, her head very close to his. He opened it and took out the lamp, clicked the switch, and the rabbit glowed with light.

She breathed: "Isn't it lovely. Wherever did you get it from?"

He told her. "I went in there to get a lipstick and saw it on the counter."

"A lipstick?"

"I've got it on now. He took the mirror from her bag and looked at himself. "I think it's rather becoming."

"You are the silliest thing ever. You don't use lipstick."

"That's all you know. They told me it was kissoff in the shop. Do you mind if I try and see?"

"Yes, I do."

They went and danced again. Then the music stopped, the band stood up, the men drew stiffly to attention, and the girls tried to imitate them as "God Save the King" was played. Then the gathering of coats and bags, and they were out in the car-park by the chilly little two-seater.

Chambers said: "I'm not quite sure how it's going to go to-night. It's been rather bad recently."

The girl said: "It'll go if you want it to."

They got into it. "I expect you're right," the pilot said. "If it stops we'll just have to sit and wish, and wait for it to start again."

The engine stopped beneath the trees a quarter of a mile away.

Twenty miles out to sea a tired sub-lieutenant shoved his way into the cramped, dimly-lit cabin. The man with the head-phones raised his head. "Nothing yet, sir," he said in a low tone, half whispering. "Single screw steamer bearing east-north-east—that's all so far."

The officer put on the head-phones. "Give you a spell."

They changed places and the listener went out; in the dim light the officer sat down before the instruments and turned the condenser slowly, searching round the dial.

Outside in the utter darkness the waves lapped against the hull; a small tinkling came from a loose afloat in the engine-room each time the drifter rolled. These mingled with the hissing in the head-phones, and a rhythmic beat at one position of the condenser knob that was the steamer, far away. There was no other sound.

In the imagination of the sub-lieutenant there came a vivid picture of a German listener in a similar, dim cabin curved to the shape of the hull, slowly turning a similar condenser knob upon a similar apparatus.

"Blessed thing must know we're here," the tired officer muttered to himself. "He'll probably stay where he is until to-morrow night..."

In the dark privacy of the little car parked snugly underneath the trees, Chambers said softly: "The girl told me it was kissoff in the shop. Shall I strike a match and see?"

The girl nestled closer into his arms. "No. You do talk silly."

A thought struck the pilot. "What about yours?"

"My what?"

"Your lipstick. I've got to go back to the mess before I can wash my face."

She rippled with laughter against his heavy overcoat. "Mine comes off like anything. You'll look a perfect sight. All the other officers will know what you've been doing."

"I'll get cashiered."

"What does that mean?"

"Sacked."

She said: "I'll wipe it off for you in a minute, when you take me home."

"In half an hour."

"In a minute," she said firmly. "Then we've not got much time to waste."

Presently she said: "It's been a lovely evening, Mr. Chambers. I have enjoyed it, ever so."

The pilot said: "My friends all call me Jerry."

"I can't call you that. I'll call you Roddy."

"Jerry."

"All right then. Now go on and take me home."

"Jerry?"

"Go on and take me home, Jerry."

"When are you coming out with me again?"

"You haven't asked me yet."

"To-morrow?"

"I can't to-morrow. Uncle Ernest, in the Iron Duke—he's coming to see us to-morrow night, and I said I'd be home early. His ship came in yesterday. He's Daddy's brother."

"What about Thursday?"

"All right." She wriggled erect in the seat beside him. "Let me clean your face."

"Better do that when I get you home. It might get dirty again."

The worn engine of the little car came noisily to life and they drove through the black, windy streets to the furniture shop that was her home. There the engine came to rest, and the little car stood against the kerb, motionless and silent. Five minutes later the girl got out on to the pavement, stuffing a soiled handkerchief into the pocket of her coat.

She turned back to the car, and stooped to the low entrance. "Good night," she said softly. "It's been lovely."

"Good night, Mona," he said. "Thursday," she said. "I'll be there."

She stood for a moment fumbling in her bag for the latch-key; then the door opened and she vanished inside. Chambers sat watching her till she was out of sight, then started up the engine and drove off.

The girl ran quietly upstairs to her room and shut the door behind her. It was not the first time that she had been kissed in a dark motor-car on the way back from a dance,

Continuing . . . Landfall

from page 5

but she had never been much moved by it before. It had never produced in her such a mixture of feelings.

She felt safe with him, queerly safe, though with her reason she reflected that his motor-car was hardly a safe place for her. She understood him better than she had ever understood the others; there was no guile about him. His irresponsible talk sometimes puzzled her because she wasn't used to it, but in this his mood was very like her own. She felt that she could fall into his ways very easily. He never worried her at all.

She got into bed and pulled the clothes around her, happy and a little thoughtful. She was not quite in love with him, but she knew that she could be very deeply in love with him if she were to let herself go. She did not quite know if she wanted to do that. She was a sensible girl, and older than her twenty-one years in experience. She knew very little of him or his background.

He had been to Cranwell, the cadet college; she knew that. That meant he was an officer of the regular Air Force. In it for a career, not just a temporary officer for the war. She knew that she was not quite of his social class, and she did not resent it. Her father had risen from the lower deck and kept a little furniture shop in a back street. They were different; you couldn't get away from that. She knew that her father and mother would disapprove of her going about with an officer, especially a regular officer.

They'd say that no good would come of it. Probably it wouldn't. But she was going to meet him Thursday, all the same.

She drifted into sleep, happy and smiling to herself.

Chambers drove back to the aerodrome, still tingling with the warmth of the girl's presence. He reflected semi-humorously as he went that he was probably making a fool of himself. He had no sisters, and he had not had a great deal to do with girls. His family comprised a widowed mother, who lived in a suburb of Bristol, and an older brother.

Instinctively, he knew that he was dangerously close to a real love affair. Never before in his life had he thought much about marriage, but he was thinking of it now. His reason told him that marriage was absurd. He was far too hard up on his pay as a flying-officer even to think of it.

He drove into the car-park of the mess, moodily cursing his lot as an officer. He didn't think that it would be a very good thing to marry

a barmaid if he wanted to get on in the Royal Air Force. He felt resentment; the world should have been organised upon some different basis.

He parked the car, draped the rug over its bonnet, and lit the rabbit-lamp to find his way through the bicycles. It glowed lamplike in the darkness of the blackout, a luminous ghost rabbit. Its red eyes led him to the back door of the mess.

In the ante-room he paused and looked at the operations board. Cloud, it appeared, was to be nine-tenths at two thousand feet during the morning. That was better, but the wind with it was thirty miles an hour from the south-west—not quite so good. Instinctively, he visualised the conditions; a wintry, gusty day, with fleeting glimpses of the sun. He ran his eye over the other notices; there was nothing new but one:

No submarine is to be attacked to-morrow, December 3rd, in Area SL between 1200 and 1500, in Area SM between 1400 and 1530, and in Area TM between 1430 and nightfall.

A. S. DICKENS, Wing-Cdr.

Chambers stared at this for a moment; he would copy it into his notebook in the morning. It affected his own zone. He wondered sleepily what lay behind it; it was like the wing-commander to keep his own counsel. Stupid, Chambers thought, but discipline was frequently like that. There was nothing else upon the board to interest him, and he turned away.

Then he remembered the Lochentia, and a gust of irritation at official stupidity swept over him. "Let the thing get away," he muttered to himself. "Old Hitler just makes rings round us..."

He went up irritated to his room, his nerves on edge, suffering a little from reaction after an emotional evening.

Next day was the change-over in patrol. The flight, under Hooper, were to take the afternoon patrol for the next month, the variation being designed to break the monotony of the routine. Chambers was able to sleep relatively late.

He woke punctually at six o'clock, according to the habit of weeks, and dozed in bed till eight; then he got up and had a bath. He had finished breakfast by nine, and walked over to the pilots' room in the hangar.

Hooper met him there. "Sergeant Hutchinson's gone to hospital," he said. "What about it, Jerry?"

Chambers grunted. "Good job, too," he said. "He's been breathing influenza germs all over me for the last two days. Whom can I have instead?"



DASHING SAILOR with faint period influence. It is made of softest grey felt and garnished with brown straw braid, quill, and veiling.

The flight-lieutenant said: "No-body."

"Well, that's a fine show. Am I supposed to go without a second pilot?"

"I don't know who there is to send with you. Do you?"

There was a momentary silence. There had been a spate of transfers from the station to the Bombing Command in the past week, to fill vacancies that had resulted from an injudicious raid on Helligoland Bight. The reinforcements from the Flying Training Schools were due to reach them in a day or two, but in the meantime there was a shortage of second pilots.

Chambers said disconsolately: "I suppose that means I'll have to take the thing alone."

"Send Corporal Sutton with you, if you like?"

The flying-officer shook his head. "I've got Corporal Lambert for the back run, and the wireless operator. He can pass me up the chais."

The flight-lieutenant understood this well enough. The presence of a fourth man in the aeroplane who was not a pilot or a navigator was a hindrance rather than a help; he tended to get in the way of the quick movements of a pilot who was flying the machine and navigating at the same time. It was better to make the radio-operator hop around a bit.

Please turn to page 36

How long will the war last?

Continued from page 2

HITLER, although much stronger than the rest of the world after his victories, is still headed nowhere if the Churchill-Roosevelt defensive initiative is maintained. He is now more entangled than ever before.

His armies are, without counting Russian territory, occupying some seven hundred thousand square miles of foreign lands.

His Gestapo police must keep watch over a hundred and ten million conquered people.

While the Nazi army communicates have been reporting astounding triumphs, the German people are living under rigid wartime conditions, with food and every normal commodity strictly rationed.

This armed camp of eighty million Germans, effectively equipped and splendidly organised, holds sway over more than two hundred million Europeans, millions whom Germany hopes partly to browbeat into producing labor, and partly to force to participate in her fighting action.

Besides, Hitler believes, rightly or wrongly, that the nearly one hundred million inhabitants of the Japanese Empire will have to support his war whenever he cracks the whip.

Facing Hitler's staggering power is England, with a population of only forty-six million. But England is backed by an Empire of four hundred and fifty million, and aided by a United States of a hundred and thirty million.

Counterbalancing the speculative participation of Nippon's strength on Germany's side are over four hundred million Chinese.

It will be noted that I have not said a word about the nearly two hundred million Russians, who may prove as stubborn a threat to Hitler as the Chinese are to Japan.

Nor have I viewed the United States as anything but an arsenal of supply to Great Britain. Yet it is not impossible that America may before long, for purely defensive reasons, have to become an active fighting partner of England.

Hitler's military, political and productive powers have very nearly risen to their climactic height. He has practically reached his zenith. From now on he can only decline, or at best maintain his fantastic pace. England, on the other hand, is not yet in her full stride.

In about a year, when England will have a sufficient number of long-range bombers, she will extend her air attacks to the more distant German arteries of communication, such as Vienna, Linz, the transshipping ports Passau and Regensburg on the Danube, and the Danubian loading ports of Oltenitz, Giurgu and Orsova.

The British naval blockade has failed as a decisive war measure against Germany and Nazi-occupied Europe. Yet it would be stupid indeed to believe the German propaganda claim that it has had no effect whatsoever.

The truth is that Germany is to an enormous degree dependent on her synthetic Ersatz output. The production of Ersatz rubber, of aluminium to replace copper, and of other such essentials requires skilled labor that siphons off a substantial portion of the man-power needed for military purposes.

More and more foreign workers from Holland, Belgium and France, not counting the prisoners of war, have to be impressed into industrial work.

It goes without saying that the amount of sabotage is rapidly increasing. Nor can the fuel shortage, a direct result of the British naval blockade, any longer be hidden in Germany.

Great Britain, without a Continental army, is succeeding in forcing Hitler to fight her type of battle, namely, an economic war in which productive power will ultimately win.

British strategy has managed to stall Hitler's mechanised units in so far as British territory is concerned.

England is paving the way for a new type of warfare, a war fought almost exclusively in the air, in which she can definitely count on an eventual physical superiority.

All these considerations may of course be upset by some unexpected event—such as a revolution in Germany, which is entirely possible if something happens to the Fuhrer, or if the United States should enter the war.

But in the meanwhile Britain, after two years of war, is fast reducing Hitler's threat to a stalemate. And in due time, but not more than six years, this will mean the collapse of Germany and her dream of world domination.

This outcome, however, is possible only if America will supply Britain with the necessary military and naval weapons and, if need be, man-power that will enable her to withstand and gradually to immobilise Hitler's onslaught on the remaining democracies.

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HOOPER said:

"O.K. If you go alone to-day I'll let you have Sergeant Abel for tomorrow." The offer meant that he himself would fly alone on the next day.

Chambers said: "We'd better have a round of Santiago for it after dinner." They were great hands with the poker dice.

He set to work to copy out the orders for the day into the notebook that he would strap on to his thigh in the machine, including the order prohibiting the bombing of submarines. "Thank the lord it's better visibility to-day," he said when he had finished.

He had a cup of beef tea and a few biscuits in the mess at eleven o'clock, since he would miss his lunch. Then he went back to the hangar. The aircraft were out upon the tarmac with the engines running to warm up; the crews were moving about them.

In the pilots' room the six pilots were putting on their flying clothing, two for each of the other three machines. He joined them, put on his flying-suit, boots, helmet and muffler, and strapped his notebook to his thigh. Then he went out to meet his crew.

They took off at eleven forty-five; the strong wind helped them off the ground. From a thousand feet the visibility was about five miles, uneven and much influenced by streaks of sunlight that came down occasionally through the patchy clouds. The flight kept a loose formation till they reached the coast, passing the morning patrol on its way back to the aerodrome.

At the coast they split up, each proceeding independently to his own area.

Behind him Chambers heard the clatter of the gun as Corporal Lambert fired his usual burst into the sea to test the gun. He turned in his seat and motioned to the radio operator; the lad left his seat and handed him the chart that he required. The pilot spread it awkwardly upon the folding seat beside him and picked off his course for the French coast.

He set it on the verge ring of the compass and climbed up to fifteen hundred feet, the lower limit of the clouds.

All the afternoon they swept backwards and forwards above the cold grey sea, coming down near the surface to inspect each ship they saw, noting her name and nationality, her course and speed.

Once in each half-hour they approached the coast; the French coast to the south of them, and the English coast to the north. They did not cross the land; they came near enough to establish their position accurately upon the chart, then turned to a reverse and parallel course.

After three or four of these flights Chambers had gauged the wind correctly, and each succeeding flight took place exactly down the plotted line upon the chart.

The machine swept backwards and forwards over the grey sea all afternoon. The crew grew gradually colder; they sucked peppermint bull's-eyes, suffered the cold, and watched the clock. At this time of year, in December, darkness would release them before their allotted time; that was a compensation for the cold.

Sunset that day was at 3.53. They would land at about 4.15.

As evening drew on the brief patches of sunlight disappeared and the sky became wholly overcast. The light began to fade. They reached the English coast at about 3.25 and turned seaward once more; they would not have time to do a full trip over to the French side, but it was too early to go home. They dived out over the darkening sea, flying at about sixteen hundred feet, very close below the cloud ceiling. From time to time they swept through a thin whisp of cloud.

Ten minutes later Chambers saw a submarine.

He blinked quickly and looked again. It was a submarine all right. It seemed to be about two miles ahead of him, going slowly in a north-westerly direction, a short line upon the sea with a lump in the middle. Something turned over in the pilot's chest as he looked at it, and the thought flashed through his mind that he was within thirty miles of where the Lochentle had been destroyed.

Fate had been kind to him. He was to be the instrument of retribution.

He pulled heavily upon the wheel and shot the monoplane up into the cloud base immediately above him.

He throttled his engines in the dark fog of the cloud and slowed the machine as much as he dared; they must not hear him if it could be helped, or they would dive beyond his power to harm them.

The sudden changes startled the crew from their semi coma. Corporal Lambert slid down from the gun turret into the cabin and started forward; the radio-operator woke up with a jerk. The pilot turned in his seat, his young face crimson with excitement.

"Submarine!" he yelled. "Up on the surface, about two miles dead ahead of us!"

The corporal nodded, and slid back into his turret; he had the gun to tend. The pilot turned feverishly to the chart. In spite of the excitement, he must mind his orders. Area SM, up to 1530. . . . He shot a glance at the clock upon the panel in front of him; it was 1539. They had turned at 1527—twelve minutes on the new course since they turned. Say twenty-six sea miles.

He slapped a ruler down upon the pencilled line that he had drawn upon the chart. They were in Area SM still. Area TM was a good two miles over to the west.

It was all right to attack. In spite of having throttled back the engines the machine had climbed to nearly two thousand feet, thickly enveloped in the cloud. The speed was down to less than a hundred knots. The pilot pressed the stick a little, and swung round for a quick glance up and down the cabin. In the gun turret the corporal stooped down to look forward at him, and held one thumb up cheerfully.

Chambers turned forward, settled into his seat, and pressed the machine into a dive.

She gained speed quickly. She broke from the clouds, diving forty degrees from the horizontal. The pilot looked round frenziedly to find the submarine.

He saw her still upon the surface, well over to his left, a thin pencil on the dark grey, corrugated sea.

The rush of air along the windscreen rose to a shrill whine. He could not drop his bombs upon a turn and hope to hit; it was essential to come down on her in a straight dive. He swore softly and swung the monoplane in its dive over to the right. He leaned forward and tripped two switches on the bomb-release control, selecting a stick of four of his small bombs and making the firing-switch alive.

He shot a glance at the air-speed indicator. Beneath the notice which said, "Speed must not exceed 200 knots in dive," the needle flicked between 230 and 240 upon the dial. He glanced again at the submarine and judged his moment, then swung the monoplane towards her in a turn to port, easing the wheel towards him very slowly as he did so.

The submarine loomed up ahead of him. She was nearly bow on to him, a good position for attack, but one which hid the sides of the conning-tower from his view. He concentrated desperately upon identification marks. He dared not bomb unless he could see something to distinguish enemy from friend.

He could see no one in the conning-tower; already she was lower in the water, and she was moving ahead. She was going down.

British submarines carried identification marks upon the hydrovanes. He could see the hydrovanes plunging in a smother of foam as she moved ahead in the rough sea; they were turned to press her down. In the split seconds of the final stages of his dive he watched in an agony for the color of the metal in the foam. Then the trough of a wave came, deeper than the rest.

For an instant the port forward hydrovane was bare of foam, streaming with water that showed grey paint underneath.

He cleared his mind of that, and for less than a second concentrated all his being upon levelling the machine off. Then, as the bow of the submarine passed out of view beneath the bottom of his windscreen, the gloved hand on the throttles moved to the firing-switch and jabbed it firmly. The first stick of four bombs fell away as the monoplane swept forty feet above the low grey hull.

The machine rocketed up to three or four hundred feet, and the pilot threw her round in a steep turn. Behind him he heard the rattling

Continuing . . . Landfall

from page 34

clatter of the gun as Corporal Lambert blazed away at the steel hull. Then the submarine swung round into the pilot's view again as the monoplane banked steeply round her.

One of the bombs had landed near the foot of the conning-tower, or on it; the superstructure was all wreathed in smoke. A stick-like object, mast or periscope, had fallen and was poking sideways from the conning-tower; the pilot got an impression that the submarine had stopped her engines. The deck was awash by this time; she was quickly going down.

There was no time to be lost. He had not hurt her seriously, and she could still submerge beyond his reach.

He swung his body brutally on the controls and forced the monoplane towards her in a dive again. He leaned forward quickly to the switch-box and selected four more of his little bombs and one of his two big ones.

Again she loomed up very quickly in the windscreen. He pulled out of his dive just short of her and jabbed the bomb switch viciously. There was an instant's pause, followed by the clatter of the gun again, and the detonation of the bursting bombs behind him. Then came a more thunderous explosion as the big bomb with delay action burst under water.

Again the pilot forced his machine round in a violent turn. As soon as the submarine came in view he saw a change. She was higher in the water than when he had last seen her over the greater portion of her length, but the stern was down. Beside the stern there was a great subsiding column of water from the explosion of his big bomb; a great mass of foam and bubbles was showing all round her.

He thrust the monoplane into a dive at her again. She was now

The first stick of four bombs fell away as the monoplane swept forty feet above the submarine's hull.

end on to him, badly damaged; he was attacking from the stern. He selected the last of his big bombs and four more little ones, and came at her once again. As the stern passed below his windscreen he pushed hard against the button on the throttle-box.

He rocketed up from her and turned. His heart leaped as she came in view.

There was a great column of water close beside her, rather forward of the conning-tower; the bow was rising from the water. As he watched fascinated, the bow rose clean out of the water, grey and dripping, like the nose of a monstrous, evil reptile. It was wholly repulsive, a foul, living thing.

He stared at it for a moment, circled round. Suddenly a jet of brown liquid gushed out from the nose, falling into the sea and completing the illusion of a reptile. Chambers stared down with disgust and loathing. It had ceased to signify a ship to him, ceased to have any human meaning. It was something horrible, to be destroyed.

His upper lip wrinkled as he forced his machine round. From the look of the thing he guessed that it was holed; he leaned forward and pressed down all the remaining switches on the selector-box. As he swept over it again he pressed his bomb switch for the last time, and the whole of his remaining bombs left the machine.

He swung the monoplane round more gently this time. He could do no more.

When the target came in sight again the bow was practically vertical. The conning-tower was well submerged. The sea was boiling all around her, in part from the explosion of his bombs and in part from the air that now was blowing from the hull. Slowly the bow slid down into the sea. The light was fading; it was too dark to make out much detail. Now there were only six feet left above the water.

Now there were three feet only. Now just the tip.

Now it was gone. There was nothing left except a great circle of white, oily water on the grey, rough sea.

He relaxed for a moment. The wireless operator was by his side, locking over his shoulder through

the windscreen. Chambers said: "That's finished him."

Above the roaring of the engines the boy yelled: "Good show, sir. First in the squadron!"

The pilot nodded. "It's probably the one that got the Lochentle!" he shouted.

He turned and looked behind him. The corporal was leaning down from the gun ring, crimson with pleasure, beaming all over his face, and holding up both thumbs. The pilot grinned and held a thumb up in response, then turned back to his work again.

At some time in the incident he felt that there had been a ship. He circled round for a minute, peering into the gathering night. At last he saw her. She was a trawler, painted grey in naval service. She was about three miles to the south of him, headed towards the scene at her full speed.

He swept low over her and circled round; from the little bridge above the chart-house an officer was waving at him. He waved back in reply and flew ahead of her, to dive on to the scene to show her where it was. There was nothing there to see now except a circle of oily water with a great mass of white bubbles coming up. The trawler would buoy the place and pick up any wreckage that there was.

He flew back to the trawler and stayed with her for ten minutes, till she reached the spot. Then, in the dusk, he set a course for home.

The corporal left the gun turret and made his way along the cabin to the pilot. He was bursting with pride. "Poor old sergeant, he won't half be mad when he hears about this," he shouted. "Fair kicking himself, he'll be."

Jerry broke into a smile. "Too bad he wasn't with us," he shouted in reply. "After all this time."

"Serve him right. Shouldn't go catching colds."

He squatted down behind the pilot, staring ahead through the windscreen. Presently they crossed the land; ten minutes later they approached the aerodrome. The corporal wound the under-carriage down as the machine swept low over the hangars; as they crossed the tarmac they saw men stop and stare at them.

The corporal laughed. "They've seen our bomb racks empty," he said gleefully. "That's what they're all looking up at."

The pilot brought the machine round to land; the flaps went down. The hedge slid below them and the ground came up; Chambers pulled heavily upon the wheel and the machine touched and ran along. It slowed and came to rest; Chambers looked round behind and turned into the hangar.

It was practically dark when he drew up upon the tarmac. One or two aircraftmen came running with unwonted energy; the corporal hurried down the cabin and jumped out of the machine.

One of the men said: "What happened to the bombs, Corp?"

Corporal Lambert swelled with pride. "Fell on a submarine, my lad," he said. "Proper place for 'em, too."

The news ran from mouth to mouth. "Did you sink it, Corp?"

"Where did it happen?"

"Were there any ships about?"

"Did any other aircraft have a hand?"

"Did you get fired at?"

The crowd swelled quickly round the corporal. "Officer sank it, lads," he said. "Mr. Chambers, I didn't do nothin' but fire the gun, and that's no flaming use against a sub."

"Was it the one what sunk that ship what was torpedoed yesterday, Corp?"

"I can't tell you that, lad. Officer thinks it was."

Chambers got down from the machine, clutching his maps. There was a thin, spontaneous cheer from the crowding men. He was embarrassed, and stood there in his flying clothes, blushing a little, taller than most of them.

"Thanks awfully," he said awkwardly. "We had a bit of luck this afternoon. Pity Sergeant Hutchinson couldn't have been with us."

They cheered him again, more loudly this time. He pushed his way through them and went towards the pilots' room; a dozen of them

The answer is—

- 1—1936.
- 2—Sidi Barrani.
- 3—"On the Feast of Stephen."
- 4—Wordsworth.
- 5—Hedgehog.
- 6—Sloped.
- 7—South-east of Tobruk.
- 8—Sweet.

Questions on page 32

followed after him. It was practically dark, Hooper came running out to meet him. "Jerry—is this true?"

"True enough, old boy," he said. "We plastered it good and proper."

"Did you sink it?"

"Sank it all right. It went right up on end; the bow was vertical."

"Good show! Did anybody else see it?"

"There was a trawler about three miles away. I showed her where it happened."

"They went together to the pilots' room. There was a surge of pilots round Chambers as he got out of his flying clothes, with a volley of questions. He changed in a babel of voices and discussion; in the middle his squadron-leader, Peterson, came in."

"There was a momentary hush. The squadron-leader said: 'Is this true, that you got a submarine?'"

"The young pilot straightened up. 'Yes, sir, I don't think there was any doubt about it.'"

He told his tale again. The squadron-leader said: "Well, that's all right. I'll just ring Dickens and see if he wants to see you now after you've made out your report."

He lifted the telephone but the wing-commander's line was engaged. Hooper said: "I vote we go and break open the bar."

"They surged over to the mess in a body gathering other officers to them as they went. The news spread through the camp like a running flame. It was dark by this time and work was over for the day. In the ante-room Chambers stood flushed, and embarrassed, in the middle of a crowd of officers, a pint pot of beer in his hand, besieged by questions."

In the babel of talk and congratulations the mess waiter pushed into the crowd. "Wing-Commander Dickens on the telephone," he said. "He wants Squadron-Leader Peterson and Mr. Chambers over in his office."

Chambers drained his can, and followed the squadron-leader out of the room. They put on overcoats. Outside the night was very dark, with a thin drizzle of rain.

They groped their way over to the wing-commander's office with some difficulty; neither had thought to bring a torch. In the corridor they paused for a minute and tapped on the door. Dickens said: "Come in."

He was alone, seated at his desk. He got up slowly as they entered. He said gravely: "Good evening."

He turned to Chambers. "I understand you sank a submarine this afternoon?"

"The young man was a little daunted by the heavy manner of the wing-commander. Surely there could be nothing wrong? He said: 'I attacked one, sir. I think she sank all right.'"

The wing-commander took a paper from his desk and handed it to him. "This signal has just come in."

Fuzzled, the squadron-leader looked over his shoulder and they read it together. It was despatched from trawler T.383. It read:

Submarine destroyed by Anson aircraft 1541 area SM/TM. Recovered floating two British naval caps, one British naval jumper, two empty packets Players' cigarettes. Returning to port immediately. Position buoyed.

There was dead silence in the office.

Dickens said heavily: "I'm afraid one of our own submarines is overdue. H.M.S. Caranx isn't answering any signals."

The telephone bell rang. The wing-commander crossed to his desk and picked up the receiver.

The operator said: "Captain Burnaby upon the line, sir."

To be continued

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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The Homemaker

December 13, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

37

Here's to good cooking for Christmas Day

● Our toast is to good cooking and happy family meetings. We are a little sentimental about our chicken and pudding, but very sensible about our salads and fresh fruit drinks.

THE day before, prepare as much as possible of the Christmas dinner, because if you leave everything till the last minute you will be far too busy to enter into the festive spirit.

Plan your menu at least a week ahead to allow plenty of time for ordering, and don't forget those gay and inexpensive little touches like flowers and holly, nuts and fruit that will bring a Christmassy air to the table.

ROAST CHICKEN

Choose a chicken of adequate size. Wash, singe and draw the bird. Dry and season with salt and pepper inside and out. Stuff with any desired seasoning (bread stuffing, celery stuffing, pineapple or sweet corn stuffing). Truss and tie into a neat shape. Brush with oil or melted butter. Place on a trivet in a baking dish, breast side up, and covered with greased paper. Cook in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.), allowing 30 minutes per lb. for smaller birds and 20 minutes per lb. for larger birds. Remove the paper for the last 20 minutes; turn the breast downwards, and baste. Serve with bread sauce, brown gravy and bacon rolls.

MOCK GOOSE

One boned leg of lamb, 2½ cups sage and onion seasoning, 4 or 5 rashers thickly-sliced bacon, flour, pepper and salt.

Stuff leg of lamb with sage and onion seasoning and tie into a neat shape. Dredge with flour and season lightly. Place thick slices of bacon on top. Place in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) and cook for 10 minutes, and then reduce to moderate heat (350 deg. F.) and cook, allowing 25 minutes per lb. Serve with apple sauce and brown gravy. A paper frill on the thin end looks festive.

HAM

Baked: Smoked and cured hams are improved by soaking overnight or for several hours in cold water. Scrub well, dry with cloth and cover with a flour and water paste of the consistency of a scone dough about ¼-inch thick. Cook in a moderate oven (325 deg. F.), allowing 25 minutes per lb. for a 10 to 12 lb. ham, and 20 minutes per lb. for a larger ham. Remove the paste and rind and cover with a mixture of fine breadcrumbs, brown sugar and cinnamon, and replace in oven for a further 15 minutes. Stick with cloves if liked.

Boiled: Soak and scrub and place in sufficient tepid water to cover. Bring very slowly (one hour) to simmering point. Cook very slowly, allowing same cooking time as for baking. Cool in water in which it was cooked. Remove and peel off rind.

PLUM PUDDING

Half-pound beef suet, 1 lb. raisins, 1 lb. currants, 1 lb. mixed peel, 1 cup flour, 1 cup fine white breadcrumbs, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon mixed spices, 4 eggs, 1/3rd cup milk or fruit juice or sherry.

Chop suet very finely and combine all ingredients, mixing to a fairly stiff consistency. Put into greased moulds or pudding cloths. Plunge



A COLORFUL CHRISTMAS SPREAD that would tempt the most capricious appetite. The roast chicken is accompanied by vegetables and a crisp salad, and followed by plum pudding and minted lemon freeze. Recipes for these delicious dishes are given on this page.

into boiling water and cook for 4 to 6 hours, according to size of pudding. Hang to dry, and cook a further 1 to 2 hours on day of serving. Serve with hard sauce, brandy sauce, foam sauce, or cream.

Foam Sauce.—One cup cream, 2 egg-whites, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon brandy, rum or whisky.

Whip cream until it just holds its shape. Whip egg-whites until stiff and whisk in sugar and lemon rind. Combine cream and egg-whites and stir in brandy drop by drop.

MINTED LEMON FREEZE

Half-pint water, juice and rind 1

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

lemon, 3 teaspoons arrowroot, 1 cup sugar, 1 sprig mint, 2 egg-whites, green coloring.

Blend arrowroot with a little water. Heat remainder of water, sugar, lemon rind and juice, and mint. When at simmering point and sugar is dissolved, strain onto blended arrowroot, stirring well. Return to pan and simmer 3 minutes, cool, and color a delicate green. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Chill. Serve with chocolate sticks and garnished with mint sprigs.

CANDIED ORANGE CUPS

Cut oranges in halves, remove pulp, and snip edges into a neat pattern. Stand overnight in salted water (1 tablespoon of salt to 1 quart water). Drain and rinse well, simmer in clear water for one hour, changing the water several times. Drain and cover with a syrup made

from 2 cups of sugar, 1 cup water, and 1 tablespoon glucose. Simmer very gently until peel begins to look transparent. Drain and roll in granulated sugar. Use as cases for dessert nuts and fruits.

FRUIT PUNCH

One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup pineapple juice, 1 cup cherries, 2 bananas, 1 slice orange, 1 pint ginger ale, 1 quart iced water, mint sprigs.

Boll sugar and water for 3 minutes. Add fruit juices and stand 30 minutes, add chilled ginger ale and iced water (more if liked). Serve in punch bowl with sliced fruit, mint sprigs, and ice blocks.

CHRISTMAS SALAD SUGGESTIONS

Dinner Starters: Chilled grapefruit and mint dressing.

Frosted melon wedges with ginger syrup.

Minted cream cheese balls on iced pineapple with crisp lettuce curls.

With Hot Poultry: Crisp lettuce and cream tossed in a dressing of seasoned oil, lemon juice, and chopped eschalot for chicken.

Wafer onion rings and orange slices with crisp lettuce for duck.

Finely-shredded raw cabbage and grated carrot, seasoned with vinegar and salad oil and spice, for any poultry.

With Cold Poultry, or as separate Salad Service: Tomatoes, cut almost through into wedges, and topped with chopped ham and mayonnaise and served with greens.

These Christmas
Puddings
The Modern Mode

Enjoy a rich fruity
Rosella Plum Pudding
in the grand manner
of Merrie Old Eng-
land. Also Sultana,
Date, Fig, Ginger
Puddings.

Rosella for Xmas



Other favourites—

Rosella Fruit Mince-
meat, Cut Mixed Peel,
Candied Peel, Ginger
in Syrup, Crystallised
Ginger, Fruit Juice
Cardinals: Lemon,
Orange, Passion Fruit,
Two Juices.

Summer dishes win prizes

WHY not enter your favorite recipe in this fascinating weekly competition? All you have to do is write out your recipe clearly, attach name and address, and send to this office.

Each week a prize of £1 is awarded for the best entry received, and a consolation prize of 2/6 for every other recipe published.

DRIED PEAR AND RAISIN TART

Eight dried pears, 1 cup raisins, 2 tablespoons honey, 1 scant tablespoon arrowroot.

Pastry Shell: 1½ tablespoons butter, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, vanilla to flavor.

Wash pears well, cover with water, leave overnight, skin and cook in their juice, adding the raisins, until tender, sweeten with honey, thicken with arrowroot, put aside to cool.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten egg, lastly sifted flour and salt. A little milk may be needed. Divide mixture in halves, put first half down on a pie plate, adding fruit mixture, then rest of pastry, prick well and cook about 1 hour until golden brown. Serve with whipped cream or custard.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. B. Cadell, Goomeri, Qld.

RUSSIAN RHUBARB CAKE

Wipe and cut into pieces 1½ lb. rhubarb. Cook with 4oz. brown sugar till it is reduced to a pulp, then rub through a sieve and add 2oz. butter. Beat in yolks of 2 eggs while pulp is still warm. Then add 4oz. bread-crumbs and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Whisk 2 egg-whites to a stiff froth, add these and 1½oz. cornflour.

● The first prize this week goes to a Queensland reader for a delicious recipe for dried pear and raisin tart. The other piquant summer dishes on this page will also tempt capricious appetites.

Butter and flour a flat cake tin, then pour in cake mixture. Bake 35 minutes in a moderate oven. Turn out and dredge with castor sugar. This cake can be served hot or cold and is delicious either way.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. W. Castle, 115 Senate Rd., Port Pirie, S.A.

APPLE CORNFLAKE TART

Pastry: 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup self-raising flour.

Cream butter and sugar, beat yolks of both eggs and white of one together, and add gradually to cream mixture. Add sifted flour. Roll out on a well-floured board, and place on a tart plate.

Filling: Three apples (stewed), raisins, cornflakes.

Spread pastry with mashed stewed apples, and sprinkle with raisins, then with cornflakes. Place another layer of apples on top, and sprinkle again with raisins and cornflakes, taking care to have cornflakes on top. Bake in oven for about 25 minutes. Allow to cool slightly, and top with meringue, made with remaining white of egg and one tablespoon sugar. Return to the oven to brown and set.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. G. Booth, Queen St., Moree, N.S.W.

SCOTCH FILLET PIE

Some mashed potatoes, cooked Scotch fillet, and melted butter sauce.

Lay some of the fish, flaked, in a pie dish, then put a layer of potatoes

and a layer of melted butter on top. Repeat this, finishing with the melted butter. Put some bread-crumbs, chopped parsley, and a few pieces of butter on top, and bake in oven till light brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Law, 17 Waterside Crescent, Earlwood, N.S.W.

LAMB AND BACON CAKES

Finely chop or mince 1½ lb. of leg of lamb, add to it 1 teaspoon of grated onion, 1 teaspoon pepper, and 1 teaspoon salt. Mix together well and form into round, flat cakes, about 1½ in. thick. Wrap each cake with a slice of bacon and secure with a toothpick. Place in a lightly-greased, hot frying pan for about 8 minutes, turning once.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss P. Barradale, 8 Bowles Ave., Caulfield SE7, Melbourne.

COFFEE SOUFFLE

One and a half cups strong coffee, 1½ cups milk, 2-3rds cup sugar, 1 tablespoon granulated gelatine, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Mix coffee, milk, one-half of the sugar, and gelatine, and heat in a double boiler or put in a basin, in saucepan with water. Add remainder of sugar, salt, and yolks of eggs, slightly beaten. Cook until the mixture thickens, and remove from fire. Add stiffly-beaten whites of eggs, and then vanilla. Chill, and serve with whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Campbell, Tourelle, Barellan, N.S.W.



MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES SAYS: If your white doeskin gloves have become grubby, wash them, on the hands, in lukewarm soapsuds to which has been added a teaspoon of vinegar. Then squeeze and wash several times in clean suds. Put a spot of olive oil in each palm and rub well over gloves, to prevent stiffness. Remove from hands and squeeze moisture out, place on a towel to dry. Penny Singleton, of Columbia, is here showing you the result.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

TO clean aluminium ware that has become dulled and black, rub with a cloth dipped in lemon juice, then rinse in hot water.

IF tobacco becomes dry place one slice of potato peel in the tin with it.

HEATING plates too much is bad for them, and often they become burnt. To remove this place moist common salt on brown mark and rub with a cork.

IF the copper has become stained or "green" collect some brick dust, moisten with kerosene and rub copper well. Any obstinate stains rub with a cut lemon, then polish with soft cotton rag.

IF you are pestered with mice in a cupboard, scatter cayenne pepper or mint in the bottom. This will keep them out.

IF using cherries in cakes dust with flour, as this prevents them from sinking to the bottom.

WE'RE IN THE ARMY NOW!

THE BOYS GET THE BEST OF EVERYTHING IN THE ARMY. DELICIOUS KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES EVERY MORNING! THEY BEAT EVERYTHING ELSE HANDS DOWN FOR FLAVOUR!

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are not only more delicious than anything else, but they are also richest in energy value. Give your whole family crisp, crunchy delicious Kellogg's Corn Flakes every morning.

QUICK ENAMEL

Join the "Gay Quickies," in their war against dinginess. Arm yourself with a paint brush and a tin of Quick Enamel and parade gay colour into your home. Quick Enamel brushes on smoothly, stays fresh longer, and is easily kept clean with just the whisk of a damp cloth.

RALLY TO THE COLOURS

- ★ Buy a tin of Quick Enamel from your
- ★ nearest paint or hardware store—there
- ★ are 33 lasting colours to choose from.
- ★



The more we are together
the smarter your parties will be!

When you make your Christmas and New Year savouries, remember to keep a packet of Kraft Cheddar Cheese and some Kraft Spread Cheese right at your hand. Use these two together, and you'll make the best savouries you've ever had. The contrast between the smooth, mellow Kraft Cheddar and the extra-tasty Kraft Spread Cheese is exactly what you need.

How to make these Kraft savouries.

1. Kraft Spread Cheese on savoury biscuits, garnished with stuffed olives cut into petal effect.
2. Kraft Spread Cheese on savoury biscuits, with a topping of mixed chopped tomato and pineapple.
3. Tiny tomatoes stuffed with shredded cheese and chopped apple. Serve on lettuce leaves.
4. Fasten cocktail onions and cubes of Kraft Cheddar together with toothpicks.
5. Spread thin slices of ham with Kraft Spread Cheese, sprinkle with chopped gherkins, roll and fasten with toothpicks.
6. Roll strips of bacon round Kraft Cheddar cubes, grill, fasten with toothpicks and serve hot.
7. Cover savoury biscuits with Kraft Spread Cheese, garnish with slicing of chopped bacon, grill lightly, and serve hot.



Bring them together
for smarter Xmas parties

KRAFT CHEDDAR KRAFT CHEESE SPREAD

FREE!

THIS EXCITING BOOK OF
KRAFT RECIPES — "CHEESE
AND WAYS TO SERVE IT"

In N.S.W. write to Box 1905V,
G.P.O., Syd., in Queensland to
"Kraft" Walker Cheese Co., Bris.;
in Vic. and other States to Box
1673N, G.P.O., Melb. (Enclose
2d. in stamps for postage, etc.).

Name _____
Address _____

A 82

Sunsuit for small boys...

- This practical little suit is styled for sunny days on the beach.

It is ready traced on Fortuna fabric, in the attractive shades of white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green, and is made in sizes 1 to 6 years.

The straps are buttoned onto the top with rather large buttons to tone with the side fastening, and the centre of the bodice is embroidered with a cunning fish and bubble design. The sizes and prices are as follows:

Size 1 to 2 years, 2/11, plus 4d. postage.

Size 2 to 4 years, 3/6, plus 4d. postage.

Size 6 to 8 years, 4/3, plus 6d. postage.

A paper pattern of this design is also available for 1/4. Transfer, 1/6 extra.

Cottons for working are priced at 3d. per skein.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS:

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 409F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 183C, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 11, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4082W, G.P.O. If calling, 174 Castlereagh St., Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

162

162—THE straight top, and buttoned shoulder straps add the manly touch to this trim suit, and the bright embroidery gives a festive air.



161

Tailored slacksuit for young things

THIS smart suit is now available from our Needlework Department traced on hard-wearing linora in cream, white, blue, green, lemon, and pink, or in silk pique in white only.

The slacks and the jacket may be obtained separately, too, and the prices are as follows: In linora. Size 2 to 4 years: Jacket, 3/3; slacks, 4/9; complete suit, 7/6 (plus 6d. post on each item). Plus 9d. post suit. In linora. Size 4 to 6 years: Jacket, 3/9; slacks, 5/3; complete suit, 8/6. Same postage as above. In linora. Size 6 to 8 years: Jacket, 4/9; slacks, 6/3; complete suit, 10/6. Same postage as above.

In white silk pique: Size, 2 to 4 years: Jacket, 4/6; slacks, 4/11; comp. suit, 9/3. Same postage as above. Size, 4 to 6 years: Jacket, 4/9; slacks, 5/6; comp. suit, 9/11. Same postage as above. Size, 6 to 8 years: Jacket, 5/6; slacks, 6/3; comp. suit, 11/6. Same postage as above.

A paper pattern of this design is also available for 1/7. Transfer, 1/6. Cottons for working, 3d. per skein.

Dainty playsuit

THIS beguiling playsuit for tiny girls is made on the same lines as the small boy's sunsuit. It is now available traced all ready to make and embroidered on the best quality Fortuna fabric. This material launders like a handkerchief and keeps dewy and fresh. The design of the suit is simple, but the dainty ruffle edge and vivid embroidery relieve it from sobriety. It is obtainable in cream, blue, lemon, pink, green, and white.

The garment is made in three sizes, 2 to 6 years, and the prices are:

Size 1 to 2 years, 2/11. Plus 4d. postage.

Size 2 to 4 years, 3/6. Plus 4d. postage.

Size 4 to 6 years, 4/3. Plus 6d. postage.

A paper pattern of this design is available for 1/4.

Transfer, 1/6 extra.

Cottons to work are priced at 3d. skein.

161—FRILLS and flishes add the final touch to this trim little sunsuit. Buttons march up the side.



158

158—MAKE your young daughter this snappy little suit for the holidays.

TOOTAL

REGD.

Your daintiest frocks will be practical in ROBIA...

Semi-transparent weaves and crisp non-clinging texture promise airy coolness... Embroidered effects, stripes, checks, and floral patterns afford delightful variety... Can so dainty a cotton be practical? ... Will it wash? ... Will it "crush"? No need to doubt. ROBIA resists creasing... comes up fresh and crisp from every wash... just wash as silk... ROBIA is Tootal Guaranteed and that means service as well as charm... Ask your Stores for ROBIA. Name always on selvedge... 35/36 inches wide.

ROBIA

REGD.

CREASE RESISTING

OTHER TOOTAL CREASE RESISTING FABRICS...

LYSTAV, the rayon which tailors or drapes; TOOLINA, a novel eyelet weave rayon; TOLSH, a splendidly firm rayon and cotton blend; and TOOTAL LINEN, the crease-resisting linen that brought linen back to favour. All named on selvedge. All TOOTAL

GUARANTEED

If any difficulty in obtaining write to G.P.O. Box 1035 H, Melbourne, or G.P.O. Box 2300 M, Sydney.

FABRICS

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE COMPANY LIMITED, MANCHESTER 1, ENGLAND

**WRITTEN IN THE STARS**

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

Sagittarians should always look before they leap. They must strive to keep in check their natural tendencies of impatience and impetuosity.

THOSE born under the sign Sagittarius (between November 23 and December 22) are generally good reasoners and thinkers, with a great desire for knowledge.

As a result of their impatience and rashness they often get themselves into trouble, and frequently fail in some venture or ambition because they cannot wait for it to come to fruition slowly.

Sagittarians should marry and strive for placid living. Over-excitement and lack of stability wear them out more quickly than routine ways of life.

They should choose friends and partners from among people born under the signs Leo (July 23 to August 24), Aries (March 21 to April 21), or their own sign. Others who prove harmonious and helpful in most cases are: Librans (September 23 to October 24) and Aquarians (January 20 to February 19).

New ventures, important changes or revised conditions of life should not be attempted carelessly with Pisceans (February 19 to March 21), Gemini (May 22 to June 22), or Virgo (August 24 to September 23).

☆ ☆ The Daily Diary ☆ ☆

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Get busy on December 9. Confidence, hard work, and good plans can bring good results. December 10 (poor to 2 p.m.), then just fair after 4 p.m. and December 12 (from 11 a.m. to 2.30 p.m.) slightly helpful. Plan for next week.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Avoid over-confidence or impatience. This is a time for routine rather than adventure and change for most Taurians. December 10 (to 2 p.m.), December 15 (to dusk), and December 16 (after 2 p.m.) poor.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Unwise Geminians will get themselves into trouble this week, so observe caution and patience. Avoid arguments, rashness, changes and new ventures or opposition, loss and disappointment, especially on December 10 (to 2 p.m.), December 11, December 12 (early), December 15 (daylight), and December 16 (after 2 p.m.).

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Unspectacular days for most Cancerians, yet really urgent matters should receive attention now or soon, or else wait over for several weeks. December 12 (from 11 a.m. to 2.30 p.m.) and December 15 (afternoon) just fair, but for minor matters only. December 14, 15, and 16, poor.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Make much of December 9 (from 1 to 5 p.m.). Much good can result from wisdom, diligence, and confidence over changes, new ventures, or seeking promotion and other gains. December 12 (from 11 a.m. to 8 p.m.) just fair; December 14 (between noon and 2 p.m.) slightly better. Be cautious on December 10 (morning), December 11, December 15 and 16, December 13 (from 8 a.m. to noon) very helpful.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Be on guard against obstacles, sorrows, annoyances, and difficulties, especially on December 10 (to 2 p.m.), December 11, 12, and 16.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Hard work and wisdom can help you to

achieve modest gains and happiness at this time. Utilise December 9 (after noon), December 12 (around noon and early evening), December 13 (from 5 a.m. to noon), and December 14 (from noon to 2 p.m.). Be cautious on December 10, 11, 15, and 16.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Unspectacular for most Scorpions. Keep to routine tasks and avoid big changes or new ventures, especially on December 10 (to 2 p.m.), December 11, December 14 (evening), December 15 (daylight), and December 16 (p.m.).

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): A peculiar week ahead, but quite helpful if you plan wisely and work diligently. December 9 (afternoon) best. December 10 (to 2 p.m.) poor. December 11, December 12 (early), December 13 (daylight), and December 16 (after 2 p.m.) adverse. December 13 (between 5 a.m. and 11.30 a.m.) and December 14 (from noon to 2 p.m.) fair. Balance of December 14 poor.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Unspectacular, so concentrate on routine tasks. December 12 (around noon and early evening) just fair. Balance of week poor.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Quite fair for modest advancements on December 13 (between 8 and 11.30 a.m.) and December 14 (before 8 a.m. and between noon and 2 p.m.). Balance of week poor.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Be on guard, for you can be your own worst enemy at this time. Avoid changes, new ventures, over-confidence or rashness and impatience, especially on December 10, 11, 15, and 16, December 14 mixed. Things improve soon, so plan ahead.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters. Editor, A.W.W.]

STARTING YOUNG

with limbering-up exercises

By JANETTE

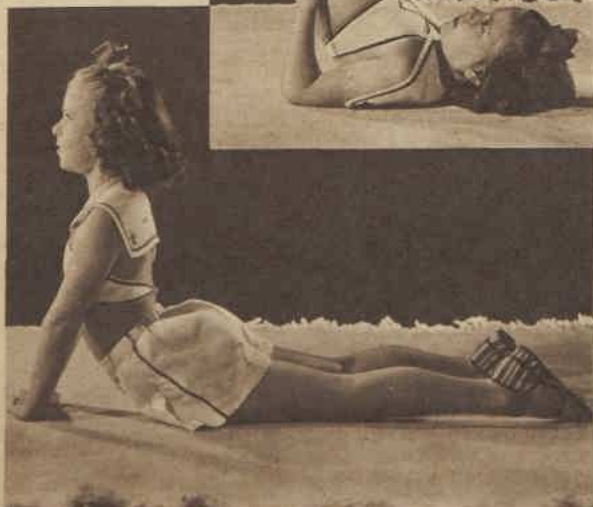
● Train your daughter to do ten minutes' exercises each morning and build up a beautiful figure. Nine-year-old Joan Carroll shows five simple exercises to develop good posture, grace, and an easy carriage.



HERE IS ONE for the waistline: Stand erect, arms out at shoulder height, feet apart. At count of one, touch right hand to left toe, left arm up. Don't bend knees. At count of two, resume original position. At count of three, touch left hand to right toe. At count of four return to original position.

TO IMPROVE POSTURE: Stand very straight, feet slightly apart, hands on hips, elbows back a bit to straighten up those shoulders. At count of one, bend to right as far as possible; at count of two, move body to the front; at count of three, to the left; at count of four, to the back. Repeat.

HOW is your sense of balance? Lie flat on the floor, feet straight up in the air, supporting yourself with your hands beneath your hips. Now pedal an invisible bicycle, first forward a dozen times, then back.



DESIGNED to prevent round shoulders, straighten out your back: Lie flat on your face on the floor, hands beneath your chest. At count of one, straighten elbows, lifting your body off the floor from the hips. At count of two return to original position. Repeat.



TO ACHIEVE SUPPLE GRACE: Sit erect on floor, feet straight before you, arms at sides. At count of one, touch left toe with right fingers, swinging left arm back. At count of two, return to original position. At count of three, touch right toe with left hand, swinging right arm back. At count of four, return to original position.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Diet in the prevention of dental decay

THE widespread occurrence of dental decay in very young children in Australia is an indication that all is not well with the feeding and care of the young baby and pre-school child.

Most probably the trouble goes back to the pre-natal period, and the diet and other factors in that all-important period are responsible for what is really a great tragedy that interferes with our national fitness.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free, if a request with an enclosed stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



BUSY DAYS TAKE ALL THE GLAMOUR OUT OF MY SKIN! WHAT WOULDN'T I GIVE FOR A COMPLEXION LIKE A FILM STAR!

A SMOOTH SOFT SKIN IS IMPORTANT TO ANY WOMAN WHO WANTS TO WIN SUCCESS. LUX TOILET SOAP IS A COMPLEXION CARE THAT REALLY WORKS... IT MAKES A WONDERFUL DAILY BATH SOAP TOO.*

ACTUAL STATEMENT BY
*Betty Grable
20th Century Fox Star in
"Mean Old Mom"

LUX
TOILET
SOAP

is supercreamed — gives a rich, luxurious lather



A LEVER PRODUCT

I TOOK BETTY GRABLE'S ADVICE AND MY DAILY LUX TOILET SOAP BATH IS MAKING MY SKIN FRESHER AND SOFTER ALREADY. AND I'M THRILLED TO FIND THE TABLET LASTS SO LONG



SWEETHEART YOU'RE JUST AS LOVELY AS ANY FILM STAR



LT.41.18

Climbing potatoes

and their near relations

• While nearly every gardener in the warmer parts of Australia knows of the potato vine, few know there are many other climbers that belong to the potato family.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

THE beautiful chalice vine, which is shown in the picture on this page, belongs, as do the potato and tomato, to the nightshade family, but, unlike them, it does not produce tubers or fruits, but huge yellow blooms about one foot long and six to eight inches across.

For a warm corner against a brick wall on which it can be afforded some strong support for its woody and rather heavy body, the chalice vine is an ideal subject.

Being very susceptible to frost, this vine must not be set out until about October, and must be sheltered from frost and cold winds for several years until it becomes established.

Even when well grown the climber may be killed if a severe frost occurs.

But there are other "climbing potatoes" which may be grown in the cooler areas. The well-known bitter-sweet has violet flowers and red poisonous berries.

The poisonous character of the berries of most of this family has largely limited the growing of these vines, but if the cautious gardener will remove the berries when they form no fatalities are likely to occur.

The potato vine previously mentioned is one of the choicest climbers, but rather frost-tender. It

rarely forms berries and can be grown in any warm area in the Commonwealth provided it is given shelter from cold winds and frost protection.

Solanum jasminoides is a shrubby climber producing bluish-white flowers. It does well in any cool district and is a most ornamental subject.

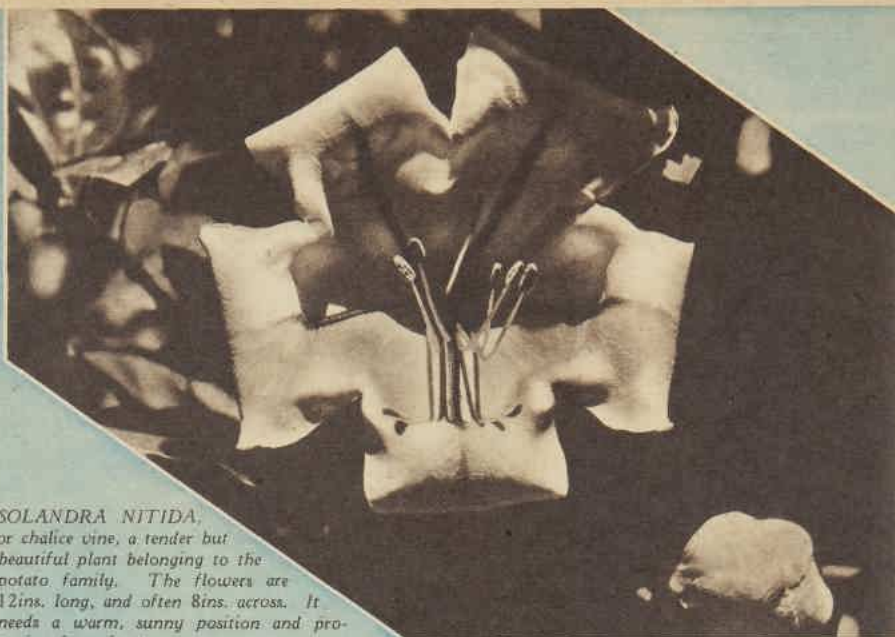
One of the choicest and rarest in Australia is *solanum giganteum*, sometimes called African holly. This is a shrubby, dense-growing climber bearing lavender flowers followed by round red berries.

In this family, too, are several useful shrubs. One of them is sold here under the name of Jerusalem cherry. The flowers are small, white, and rather insignificant, but they are followed by masses of round red berries.

Another member of the nightshade family which grows to a shrubby tree is *solanum crispum*. This bears fragrant lavender flowers followed by round yellow fruits.

In recent years a variety introduced from California and sold as *solanum globosa* was declared a noxious weed. It produces big yellow fruits profusely covered with spines, and the whole plant is decidedly spiny.

The datura, or Angel's Trumpet, also belongs to this family, producing sweetly fragrant flowers of white or violet and very prickly seed pods. Like most of the others mentioned they are easy of cultivation and most ornamental in the garden.



SOLANDRA NITIDA, or chalice vine, a tender but beautiful plant belonging to the potato family. The flowers are 12 ins. long, and often 8 ins. across. It needs a warm, sunny position and protection from frost.

"Medico" Tells You What to do

about

FOOD POISONING

PATIENT: Doctor, I read the other day there is no such thing as ptomaine poisoning. But I was never more sick in my life than after I ate that chicken salad at a picnic last summer.

DOCTOR: No doubt you were ill, but you didn't have ptomaine poisoning. Ptomaines do not make you sick. "Ptomaine" is a name for certain substances which form in decomposing foods.

Ptomaines, even when the food is eaten in large quantities, produce no ill-effects in the human body. In fact, some people consider food so flavored a great delicacy.

"Ripe" game is meat which has been allowed to "hang" long enough for considerable decomposition to take place.

Those who eat these foods consider them desirable. Nevertheless food can make people ill.

Most people know that acute illness sometimes occurs after eating food that is not wholesome—the most usual symptoms of such an illness are nausea, vomiting, abdominal pain and diarrhoea, often accompanied by headache, chill, fever, weakness, and prostration. Illnesses with some or all of these symptoms—more accurately called food poisoning than "ptomaine" poisoning—can and do happen.

Causes of food poisoning

IT may be caused by any one of the following reasons:

(1) The food eaten is itself naturally poisonous, such as some mushrooms and toadstools and certain tropical fish.

(2) Bacteria have made poisonous substances (not ptomaines) in once wholesome food.

These bacteria grow in soil and are frequently present in fresh foods—but they can do no damage unless they have an opportunity to grow for some time in a place where air is excluded. Conditions most favorable for their growth are in improperly canned food.

(3) Chemical poisons have accidentally been introduced into the food. Among the more frequent of these are lead, arsenic, cyanide, and some poisonous drugs. We might say here that it does not harm tinned food to remain in the tin until used, provided it is given the usual care necessary for perishable foods—that is, cleanliness and refrigeration. Neither is food cooked in aluminium vessels more dangerous than any other.

Arsenic is often used as a spray for fruit, and enough arsenic is sometimes left on the fruit to bring distress to those eating it. A good home practice is to wash all fruit before it is eaten.

(4) Bacteria, themselves harmful to human beings, have been allowed to grow in the food. This is by far the most frequent source of food poisoning.

perfectly healthy food. The only means we have of preventing this type of food poisoning is cleanliness and good hygiene.

Government inspection now ensures that most of our food is free from contamination when it reaches our individual homes. In the home, the responsibility becomes ours.

Refrigeration, fly-proof gauze, and scrupulously clean utensils are our allies in the war against the bacteria of food poisoning.

The lads overseas say
"send us *Gibbs* please"

Bless their hearts
How did they
guess I'd want
GIBBS!

Put a tin of Gibbs in every parcel for that boy of yours in the Navy, Army or Air Force. The handy tin doesn't squash, doesn't waste or make a mess in his kitbag.

Gibbs guards against decay — keeps gums and teeth healthy. And Gibbs lasts twice as long as many other dentifrices.

At all Chemists and Stores

Delightful IN THE WATER

★ **Wool** SWIM SUITS

This season's designs — new, smart and distinctive. Wool surpasses all other materials for Swim Suits. It is pleasant for swimming, and contains minute air spaces which provide insulating properties.

Wool protects from chills both in and out of the water, and never feels clammy or uncomfortable when drying off.

Wool Swim Suits are slim fitting and flatter the figure.

ATTRACTIVE DESIGNS AT ATTRACTIVE PRICES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Swim and Sun in ... Wool

Flattering ON THE SAND



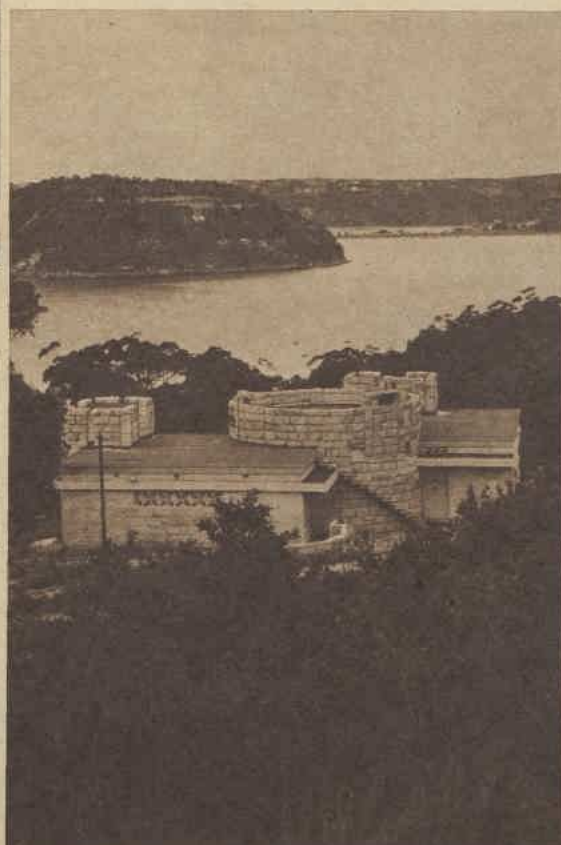
FRONT VIEW OF THE HOUSE, showing the spacious porch where plays are given. French doors on each side provide exits for the actors, and the wooden ceiling is specially constructed to give best acoustic results. Guests sit out on the lawn surrounded by the native bush.

By
**OUR HOME
DECORATOR**



THE OLD-WORLD BEAUTY of stone is leagued with infinite charm with modern light bricks. The side view of the house shows the quaint stone steps which lead up to the flat roof.

THE HOUSE was built two years ago from a design by E. M. Nicholls, a pupil and partner of the late Burley Griffin. The gracious and stately lines, the spacious flat roof, and the rounded turrets are ideally suited to the majestic bush setting.



AN ELEVATED VIEW of "The Bastion," which shows to advantage the superb setting. White bricks and mellowed stone provide an effective contrast to the dense native bush which surrounds the house. To the front is the wide, sparkling blue span of Middle Harbor.

Unique home and outdoor theatre **IN BUSH SETTING**

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